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NEWSPAPER

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LETTERS

inference denied

New York City

DEAR SIRS: *The Nation* has drawn inferences [editorial, "The Professor and the CIA," Feb. 27] about my relationship with the USIA as a book publisher and my subsequent responsibilities as publisher of *The New Republic*, as follows:

"Dr. Kirkpatrick's group also O.K.'d six books which USIA then published with Robert B. Luce, Inc. Luce—better known at the time as the publisher of *The New Republic*—was also a member of the publishing firm, Grayson, Van Roijen and Luce, Inc., which three months after its founding became Potomac Books, Inc."

These inferences are unwarranted.

As a book publisher, and long before joining *The New Republic*, I entered into an agreement with the USIA to publish an experimental series of books which we called The America Today Series. . . . It was intended, at the time of the agreement, that USIA would have editorial review privileges—but that if in the opinion of the publisher or the author, their editorial revisions were onerous, the publisher would then publish the books independent of the USIA. The only people involved in the review procedure were the personnel of the Book Development Division of the USIA. Dr. Kirkpatrick was not to my knowledge involved in this editorial review procedure.

The first six books enjoyed a modest success and the USIA offered us a second contract for an additional six books. At that point we were involved in merger negotiations with a new Washington publishing house, Potomac Books. The merger never occurred but Potomac Books did undertake to publish the second set of books.

At the point when I was serving as publisher of *The New Republic*, my publishing firm, Robert B. Luce, Inc., had *no* contract with the USIA. . . .

Robert B. Luce

doctor's shame

Beverly Hills, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: *The Journal of the American Medical Association* stated in a recent editorial: "Perhaps most serious of all was the failure of German medical organizations and societies to express . . . their disapproval of widely known experiments. . . . That these experiments were conducted under the highest authority of the German State cannot possibly be considered in the slightest an extenuation of the failure of these physicians to act in accordance with the principles and traditions of their profession."

From the Nuremberg proceedings came a code of principles adopted by the World Medical Association in 1948. Two of the provisions were: "I will not permit considerations of religion, nationality, race, party politics, or social standing to intervene between my duty and my patient." "I will maintain the utmost respect for human life, from the time of conception; even under threat, I will not use my medical knowledge contrary to the laws of humanity. . . ."

I am ashamed that the discipline of medicine, with which I am affiliated and which is dedicated to the healing of mankind, has not risen in massive protest against the use of napalm, poison gas and herbicides in the most inhumane war we Americans have ever fought.

I am ashamed that medicine as practiced in the country which I love has allied itself to a state of barbarism which horrifies the world and which will live in infamy with such outrages of the past World War as Auschwitz, Malmédy and Hiroshima. . . .

I fear that I and my fellow physicians have defiled our sacred Hippocratic oath.

Albert Schrut, M.D.

EDITORIALS

Another Turn of the Screw

The President, James Reston reports, started the day in Nashville with a Southern-style breakfast of the kind he dotes on: country ham and an omelet filled with grits and served with beaten biscuits. Thus fortified, he proceeded to speak his mind to the Tennessee legislators. It was a tough speech, delivered, as Mr. Reston notes, in the tone of a poker player who has decided to raise the bet. The effect was to give "another, harder turn of the screw." At the same time, the President proceeded to reduce the choice to a narrow one between "honor and dishonor, fighting and quitting, saving and losing Asia." The statement of this crude, simplistic formula, we are told, "added materially to his serenity." But he gave America no cause to be serene.

The speech was designed to provide an updated rationale for the latest escalation of the policy of bombing to the north: the attack on a steel mill some 35 miles north of Hanoi. At various times, the Administration has suggested different reasons for the air raids: initially it was said that the raids would boost the morale of the South Vietnamese; at other times they were justified as inhibiting infiltration from the north. Now we are told that the steadily escalated raids are by way of punishing the North Vietnamese for their aggression.

A day or two before the President spoke in Nashville, Roger Hilsman, who served as director of intelligence in the State Department and Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs under President Kennedy, told Donald Grant of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* that the bombings to the north actually preceded the infiltration of troops. "Only after that [the bombings], did the North Vietnamese begin sending troops into South Vietnam." The President is in the habit of assuring us that he has better information than anyone else (although most of the time he is extremely reluctant to share it with us); therefore we should acquiesce in his judgments. But in this instance, Mr. Hilsman is an excellent witness; he speaks, we may be sure, from full knowledge of all the relevant information—up to the time, at least, that he left Washington. He has written a book, *To Move a Nation*, to be published by Doubleday next June, which is said to contain the most detailed, factual indictment of the Johnson Administration war policy yet written by anyone with inside knowledge. It should not add materially to the President's happy mood.

The President, it is safe to predict, will turn the screw even harder. No doubt he has a backlog of new target recommendations on his desk. The Joint Chiefs do not need to pressure him to adopt these recommendations; all they need do is wait. Richard Fryklund, the military expert of the Washington *Star*, has pointed out that the Joint Chiefs simply "wait for events in Vietnam to over-

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take the objections of the civilians." Now that the President has reduced the options to a crude either-or basis, the logic of his decision will force him to adopt, one after the other, the various escalations which the Joint Chiefs have in mind. Having ruled out the possibility of alternative approaches, having publicly rejected any policy options, he has made himself the captive of his military advisers. They have not pressured him unfairly; he has made himself their prisoner. Hence his serenity.

Dodd and Powell

It is becoming perfectly clear that a considerable proportion of our legislators are venal. That is surely no news, but in their efforts to improve the image of the Congress, without improving their own conduct, they are getting themselves into a political quagmire. Those Congressmen whose own hands are relatively clean, but who go along with the group that plays fast and loose with public funds, are the most foolish of all. To see the implications of this cooperation, one has only to consider the combination of temper tantrum, political expediency, fear and racism which the House manifested in deciding not to seat Adam Clayton Powell. They quailed before those of their constituents, mainly racists, who were howling for Powell's head, and got themselves into a maximum amount of trouble with a minimum of excuse.

Whatever the merits of the censure-and-restitution action recommended by Rep. Emanuel Celler's investigating committee, it was shrewdly calculated to get the House off the hook. Powell would have been punished and, had he continued to serve, he would have been discredited. As it is, the House has excluded him in a way that raises a major constitutional issue. This is the first consequence of a hasty and ill-considered action.

A second consequence is that Powell has been supported in his contention that racism is the only issue in his case. He has been joined in this gross oversimplification by leaders like Stokely Carmichael, who are as selfless and devoted to the Negro cause as Powell is irresponsible and self-seeking. Mr. Carmichael said that the members who voted against Powell were out "to get themselves a nigger." Most members were enraged because Powell broke the unwritten rule that it isn't what you do that counts but what you do openly. They feared to be tarred with the same brush that Powell was applying to himself. This does them little credit but now, viewed from a wider angle, it may have some beneficial effects. It will make it more difficult for the Senate to whitewash Senator Dodd, as most Senators would prefer.

A still broader issue is that of Congressional ethics. Every time this increasingly urgent problem comes up, Congress tries to fluff it off by talking about personal morals, the right to privacy, and similar evasions of the issue. Ethics is not concerned with a Congressman's making a pass at a secretary, or keeping a mistress, or occa-

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sionally getting loaded. It is bad enough that such indulgences should be carried on at the taxpayers' expense, but it is of secondary importance. What is of primary importance is dereliction in the discharge of official duty. By continuing to ignore its obligation in this area, Congress is implicating itself in the steady deterioration of public respect for the legislative branch.

In this light, Dodd's offense is worse than Powell's. That Dodd was in financial trouble is undeniable, but what relevance does it have? The fact is that between 1961 and 1965 he was able to raise nearly half a million dollars through a series of barefaced solicitations, and he needed the money not only to get himself reelected but to live like the fat cats whose admiration he courted. His stipulation shows how a large part of the proceeds of his testimonial breakfasts, luncheons, dinners and cocktail parties was spent—such items as $1,263.84 for flowers, $116.70 for purchase of tickets to a football game, $701.90 for Senate restaurant charges in a single month, $2,073.86 for a party at a Washington hotel, and over the period of his solicitations, liquor enough to float a battleship.

The larger contributors to the Dodd exchequer certainly expected favors in return. But aside from questions of conflict of interest, what are we to think of a member of the Senate who makes a profession of large-scale begging to indulge his taste for luxury? If the club tradition of the Senate lets him escape with a light penalty, that body will be disgracing itself, as Dodd is disgraced already. If Powell's conduct merited expulsion, Dodd's conduct merits it doubly. The issue before the Senate is bigger than either of these culprits.

The Rich and the Poor

P. M. S. Blackett is a Nobel Prize winner in physics and president of the Royal Society of London, but what is more impressive about him is the breadth of his interests and his ability to seize on the key factor in the most difficult socio-economic situations. In his address, "The Ever Widening Gap," at the last meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, he was as cogent as usual. The gap is a familiar one, going back to the 1950s, when it became evident that the poor countries of the world were getting less poor very slowly, while the rich countries were getting richer fast. In point of fact, Blackett's address is an up-dated version of a piece he once wrote for *The Nation* ("The Real Split: Rich World, Poor World," February 13, 1954).

This malign process had been going on for decades but did not excite alarm until the decolonization which began after World War II. Blackett analyzes what has been happening. Without going into the details of a very complex problem, the crux of it is that in the underdeveloped countries population has been rising faster than industrialization, which has been financed in part by the rich countries. The population growth cannot be quickly arrested; it is more a matter of a decrease in mortality than an increase in birth rate. Or, as Blackett puts it, the "population explosion" in the poor, predominantly southern, countries "is the offspring of the northern compassion which exported a revolution in health but did not encourage the much more difficult revolution in wealth."

From an economic, rather than a political, standpoint, the situation is not hopeless. The aid given by the advanced countries has not been going down a rat hole. It has resulted in appreciable improvement: a growth rate of perhaps 1.5 per cent in per capita output of goods and services has been achieved overall in the poor countries. Blackett calculates that if the wealthy countries devoted 1 per cent of their income—about $14 billion annually—to help the underdeveloped, and assuming wise choice and management of projects, an economic growth rate up to 3.5 per cent a year could be achieved. In that case the outlook, while still far from rosy, would not be as ominous as it now appears.

This figure of $14 billion annually as a minimal effective contribution is significant. In the United States, Seymour Melman has estimated $20 billion, or the annual cost of the Vietnamese War at the 1966 level, for the same result. The figures are quite close, when one considers that we are dealing with a world gross national product of slightly more than $1,600 billion. The target level of foreign aid has been too low. It must be raised if disaster, engulfing the rich as well as the poor, is to be averted. An additional 1 per cent subtracted from the income of the rich countries would only reduce their present growth rate—about 3 per cent per year—and would not reduce the average level of income. But the tendency is to spend far greater sums than this on war and preparation for war, and to *reduce* the already meager level of foreign aid.

At a conference at the California Institute of Technology on "The Next Ninety Years," a number of commentators discussed this same dilemma. One speaker was Harrison Brown, nominally a geochemist but actually the nearest we have to an American equivalent of Blackett; another was James Bonner, a biochemist. "Science and technology," said Brown, "have given men the power to create a beautiful and bountiful civilization, but they can't seem to organize themselves to accomplish it." Bonner is even less optimistic. As the wealth gap widens, he sees less and less identification between the peoples of the wealthy nations and those of the poor nations. Eventually, he thinks, we will regard the underdeveloped as somehow subhuman, and will try to solve the problem by taking over these inferior societies in some neocolonial fashion. His preachment is the same as Blackett's: international resources must be mobilized; we must realize that in the present situation "lie the seeds of progress or unlimited disaster for the whole world."

For the whole world. That the four horsemen of the

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Apocalypse will ride only among the poor is a foolish dream. The widening gap between rich and poor contains the seeds of a third world war, fought with nuclear weapons and exterminating rich and poor alike. It will be a poor consolation that the rich will have brought their fate on themselves.

Dean Monro's Enormous Reward

One of the most prestigious jobs in the academic world is that of dean of Harvard College. It was news, therefore, when John U. Monro, Harvard '34 and dean for the past six years, announced that he was leaving. What made it more extraordinary was the fact that he was leaving to become director of freshman studies at Miles College, a medium-small (1,000 students; faculty of fifty), unaccredited, largely Negro, school outside Birmingham, Ala.

To those who know Monro, however, the move was not especially surprising. President Pusey remarked that the same characteristics that had led Monro to go to Miles had made him a great dean at Harvard. The only people to whom a man like Monro is incomprehensible are those whose idea of the good life is a steady rise in prestige, power and income, and a big mausoleum when it is all over. Men like Monro live by a different rule. What William Butler Yeats called the fascination of the difficult animates them. That quality, however, is not unique with them; many big businessmen have it too. On top of that characteristic Monro, as *The Harvard Crimson* points out in a discerning phrase, is a "do-gooder" of a particular kind—not a temporary meddler in causes, but "a permanent do-gooder, a professional."

He will have his work cut out for him in his new post. Miles College resembles the City College of New York in one respect: it has no dormitories and hardly any of the students come from outside the Birmingham area. There the resemblance tapers off. City College, and the other big municipal institutions, are noted for scholarship and attract scholars to their faculties—City has been called the proletarian Harvard. Miles is proletarian too, but in a sense that should make Birmingham ashamed. It runs on a small budget, its facilities are inadequate, and so are many of its students. A freshman class contains some 400 members, but only 110 to 140 graduate.

Despite the fact that Miles is the only four-year Negro college in Jefferson County, the largest in Alabama, and despite the fact that half of the teachers in the county's Negro schools are Miles graduates, the best Negro students in the area go elsewhere. That is one reason why Monro is going to Miles. Of course some Negro boys come to Harvard and do very well, but too often, Monro says, a tough little kid enters on a full scholarship and leaves in the middle of his freshman year. He's unhappy, the college is unhappy. "You ask yourself," Monro says, " 'Did you do this for him or for yourself?' You just don't know."

Monro knows why he is taking the job at Miles. He has worked there for three summers and knows the situation. "I want to dissociate myself from any idea that this is a sacrifice," he says. "I see it as a job of enormous reward." In saying that, and meaning it, Monro is already making a major contribution to education in the United States from his new post at Miles.

The GAO Cries for Help

Recently *The Nation* revealed the otherwise ignored story of the successful attempt of aerospace contractors to muzzle the General Accounting Office ("The Putsch Against McNamara" by H. L. Nieburg, December 26). Early this year, the GAO issued a new report which, though blunted by crippling new guidelines, is still an indictment that cuts to the heart of the enormous negotiated cost-plus contract racket. Inflated, cushioned and fraudulent cost data are a key contracting gap big enough to drive through a whole fleet of Brinks trucks.

The report tests the impact of the 1962 Truth in Negotiation Law and finds it shamefully wanting. This law required contractors to document pricing data and to certify such data as "accurate, complete and current." It was part of the Kennedy-McNamara effort to pin down responsibility and to establish how realistic are cost estimates and determinations. The GAO found that the 1962 law has been evaded, flouted and undermined. Examination of 242 negotiated contracts awarded to eighty-four prime contractors and eighty-nine subcontractors (after October, 1964) revealed violations of the law and of Armed Forces Procurement Regulations in 89 per cent of the cases.

Under the revised rules, the GAO is forbidden to identify companies and individuals. Therefore, this last-ditch effort to indict a corrupt system lacks names (even in its citation of cases in the appendix), thereby shielding private contractors and putting the burden on the Department of Defense. Since 1962, McNamara has conducted a valiant battle to enforce contractor responsibility, only to find the lower DOD echelons are more responsive to Congress and contractors than to the chain of command.

No doubt the GAO report will force Congress (probably the House Armed Services Committee's investigating subcommittee under Porter Hardy) to study the question. The outcome promises obfuscation and window dressing and perhaps chastisement and further weakening of GAO. Frank H. Weitzel, Assistant Comptroller General, will bear the brunt of the punishment. These hearings must be carefully watched by independent legislators and citizens who are unwilling to permit the courage of Weitzel and the GAO to go undefeated. The nation may now require a popular constituency to protect public authority against the appetite and power of the military-industrial complex.

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ELECTIONS OR COUP?

THE DEADLOCK IN GREECE

STEPHEN ROUSSEAS

Mr. Rousseas is a professor of economics at New York University. He has just returned from a five-month stay in Athens.

Greece, for the past year and a half, has been in a state of crisis that divides the political spectrum into two deeply hostile camps: pro-king and anti-king. The crisis began in July, 1965, when the young King Constantine summarily dismissed Prime Minister George Papandreou and proceeded to buy off enough of the deputies in Papandreou's party, the Center Union, to form, with the parliamentary votes of the right-wing parties, the puppet government of Premier Stephanopoulos, which lasted until December, 1966.

The stage had been set as early as 1964, when George Papandreou at the head of the Center Union coalition captured an absolute majority of the parliamentary seats. This victory was not in itself a threat to the palace and its political supporters. Papandreou was well known to be a procrastinator, a moderate, a crafty politician and basically pro-royalist. Above all, he was known to be a rabid anti-Communist. It was he, after all, who had prevented the Communist take-over of Greece in 1944 when the British rushed him back to Athens as Prime Minister. Furthermore, in 1964 he tried hard to please the royal household—he gave the powerful Queen Mother Frederika a very respectable pension and passed a law forbidding any criticism of her in the press or in public statements. Without being asked, he appointed Petros Garoufalias, a beer baron and palace favorite, Minister of Defense; and he made other conservative cabinet appointments.

It is true, he did other things less pleasing to the palace. He broke the control of the rural gendarmerie over the countryside, renegotiated contracts with large foreign monopolies on terms more favorable to Greece, reformed the educational system, and introduced an air of political freedom by severely limiting the political activities of the dossier-keeping security forces, and by proclaiming a general amnesty for political prisoners. But these pluses and minuses in George Papandreou's activities do not add up to the crisis of 1965. If anything, he was playing, or thought he was playing, a clever game of balancing the Right against the Left. The important point is that he allowed the army, long purged of its democratic elements, to remain in the hands of the palace and the extreme Right.

Things started to go wrong for him when the Cyprus situation became acute. Relations between Greece and Turkey, both members of NATO, deteriorated rapidly and began to threaten NATO's southeastern flank. The United States applied pressure on the Papandreou government to resolve its differences with Turkey along lines that would have meant political suicide for the Center Union government. Papandreou and his son, Andreas, were invited to Washington, where all of LBJ's powers of persuasion came to naught. Greece continued to take an independent stand and suspicion grew within the U.S. Embassy and State Department that Andreas Papandreou was a neutralist, that he harbored anti-NATO sentiments and favored opening relations with the Soviet Union and the Communist countries on Greece's northern borders. At the same time the Communist-front United Democratic Left (EDA) and the more liberal elements of the Center Union were pressing Papandreou to investigate the *personal* corruption of former Premier Caramanlis which, of course, infuriated his party, the right-wing National Radical Union (ERE). Then began the series of errors that led to Papandreou's downfall.

The Center Union government did not object that Bishop Makarios of Cyprus was negotiating with the Soviet Union for weapons. And as part of a planned squeeze on the United States and NATO, the elder Papandreou accepted an invitation to visit Moscow. This was the old political game of blackmail used so successfully in the past by small countries against the United States. But in Greece, where a bloody Communist civil war had been fought from 1945 to 1949, it was seen by substantial elements of the public as tantamount to treason. Panayiotis Canellopoulos, the leader of ERE, called for the resignation, not of the government but of Papandreou himself. He asked, in effect, that the Center Union Party replace him with another prime minister from their ranks —a most unusual interference in the internal affairs of another party. The Prime Minister retaliated by releasing the Pericles Plan (inadvertently left behind by the previous ERE government of Caramanlis) to be used by the army for rigging the elections of 1961. At the same time, he threatened to purge the army. In counter-retaliation, the army revealed the Aspida (Shield) "conspiracy," implicating Andreas Papandreou, then Alternate Minister of Coordination.

Behind this so-called revelation was General Grivas, who had led the guerrillas in Cyprus against the British and who now, as a Greek general, commanded the Cypriot army. Grivas moved counter to Bishop Makarios' policies and a struggle for control of the Cypriot army began between them—as demonstrated by the recent importation of Czechoslovak arms to transform the Cypriot police force into an independent army under the control of the bishop. When Andreas Papandreou took over the Greek handling of the Cyprus issue and supported the bishop against the general, Grivas struck back with his obviously manufactured charges of Aspida—that it was a secret organization of army officers conspiring, under the political leadership of Andreas, to take over the Greek army, throw out the King, and impose a Nasser-type dictatorship.

The King then ordered Garoufalias to investigate the Aspida conspiracy. Papandreou chose this singularly inappropriate moment to carry out a decision he had made some time earlier to dismiss his Minister of Defense who, he had been warned, was to be used by the palace to smear the Center Union government. Unfortunately for Papandreou, Garoufalias refused to resign without a writ from the King which, of course, the King refused to issue.

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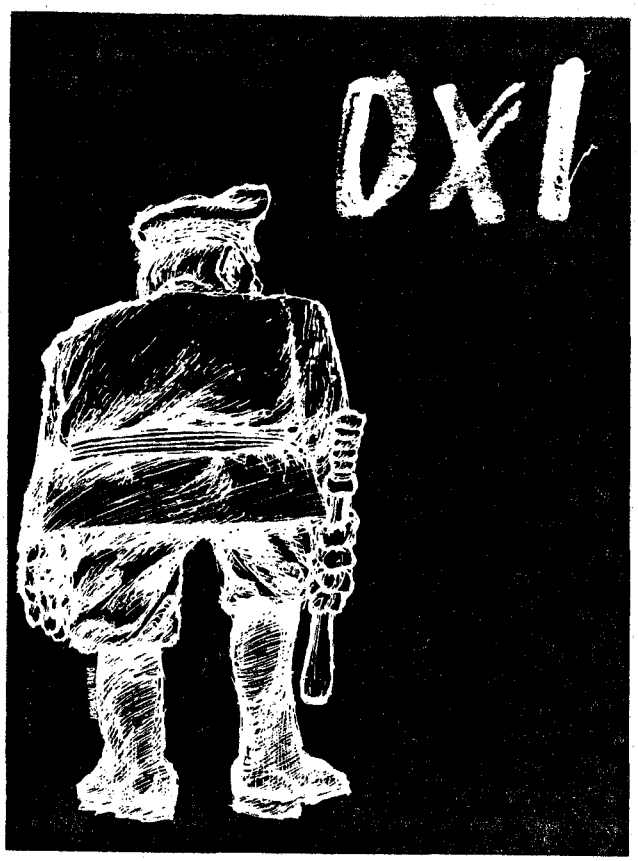
In this highly unusual situation where a minister refuses to resign and a "constitutional" monarch refuses to accede to the wishes of his Prime Minister, Papandreou *threatened* to resign. Constantine instantly accepted the threat as fact and appointed Athanasiades-Novas, then a Center Union deputy and president of the parliament, as premier designate. After Novas failed to obtain a parliamentary majority and after much rioting in the streets, the King succeeded finally in setting up the puppet government of Stephanopoulos.

The strange thing about this series of events is that the former premier had been amply warned of his impending downfall. Several months before the July, 1965, crisis, a prominent Greek businessman approached Papandreou and told him of a conversation he had had with a close American friend, a high-level CIA administrator, about a plot between the palace and Defense Minister Garoufalias to overthrow the Center Union government. It is doubtful that this was a plant. It is more likely a testament to the indiscretions that even highly placed CIA men are capable of making.

One month before the crisis, a suspected CIA agent had returned to Athens. Officially, he was connected with the State Department and he had formerly spent three years in Greece, ostensibly as a commercial attaché in the U.S. Embassy. At the time of his second visit he was with the State Department's Middle East desk, which covers Greece and is reported to be rife with CIA agents. His reappearance in Athens was explained as an informal visit to survey the Greek economic situation. It soon became known to the Prime Minister that this man had paid visits to Constantine Mitsotakis and John Tsouderos (two of the major defectors, as it subsequently turned out, from the Center Union government), and had been heard at Athenian cocktail parties making frequent and very audible references to the Prime Minister's son, Andreas, as an unreliable and dangerous leftist.



Cover of a pamphlet distributed in Greece. It says "No!" — to dictatorship.

Several days before the July coup, a representative of the U.S. Embassy, mildly sympathetic to the Center Union government, approached the Prime Minister directly and warned him to leave the Ministry of Defense alone; that it could not be made a part of his ministerial portfolio. In view of these repeated warnings it seems clear that a plot existed prior to the Aspida controversy and to the actual crisis of July, 1965, and that the Prime Minister had nevertheless allowed himself to be trapped.

The *details* of American interference in Greek politics are not well known in Athens, but everyone believes, as a matter of course, that virtually nothing happens in Greek politics without the approval of the U.S. Embassy. However, the State Department is not that all-powerful. Both the CIA and the Pentagon play far more important and decisive roles. Military aid to Greece, for example, amounts to approximately $100 million a year. The Greek army is completely integrated into the NATO alliance, with the Greek NATO command dominated by U.S. army officers. The U.S. military, in effect, makes the important decisions regarding weaponry and the structural organization of the Greek army, and exercises, through the palace, a pronounced influence on promotions within the officer staff. Furthermore, deployment of the Greek army is geared to NATO requirements and is not designed to cope with local contingencies.

At the time of Cyprus, the Greek Government found itself in a difficult position with regard to its army. The changes it undertook alarmed the NATO command and led the United States to urge a compromise with Turkey for the sake of the alliance. When Greece refused to accede, the Prime Minister's son was designated the key troublemaker, and from this it was not difficult to take the next step and label him anti-NATO and a dangerous leftist, intent on moving Greece out of the Western orbit. However, the real issue was that Greece refused to behave as a satellite should. It sought control over its own foreign policy and generally started to take an independent stand. When the Center Union government said it would welcome Soviet assistance in preparation for a possible war with Turkey, the U.S. Embassy *demanded* an explanation.

When, on top of all this, the Papandreou government threatened to replace the extreme right-wing officers of the army's high command with its own people, the Center Union skidded rapidly toward the debacle of July, 1965. The Greek army has traditionally been regarded as the private preserve of the palace. Indeed, the late King Paul, father of Constantine, addressed the officer staff of the Greek army one year before his death with proprietary directness: "You belong to me and I belong to you." (The royal household's attitude toward democracy is of equal interest and can be best summed up by Queen Frederika's statement in 1960 to a well-known foreign guest at a private dinner party: she would, she said, be the first to fight for democracy if she thought it had any-

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thing to offer the people other than modern bathrooms.)

The present King inherited the Greek army from his father. But unlike his father, he is possessed of a mystical vision of a new Byzantium and believes fervently in a holy crusade against the Communists. The King, furthermore, regards the whole Left as a gang of dangerous criminals. When the Center Union won 53 per cent of the popular vote in 1964, and the United Democratic Left 12 per cent, the King saw with alarm that 65 per cent of his subjects were politically suspect. Confronted with a direct challenge over the control of *his* army, he viewed it as a left-wing conspiracy to topple him from the throne.

The United States fully supported this royal view of the army. A U.S. naval attaché took it upon himself to tell a prominent and controversial Center Union minister flatly that too many young Greek officers lacked respect for the King, ending his unsolicited talk with the blunt warning that the army *belongs* to the King. The present U.S. assistant military attaché (who, like the former U.S. commercial attaché, arrived in Athens one month before the July coup) is often seen in Constantine's company. Some major Greek politicians are convinced that he is the principal CIA agent in Greece and have complained about his activities to embassy officials.

From July, 1965, to the downfall of the Stephanopoulos puppet government last December, the delicate, unstable equilibrium could easily have tipped in the direction of a military coup. The move was not made only because the Right (excluding the puppet government) and a few powerful members of the Center Union were quietly developing a plan for resolving the constitutional crisis which took into account the personal weaknesses of the former Prime Minister, George Papandreou. Before describing this plan and its implementation, the various personalities involved must be introduced.

Andreas Papandreou is the major protagonist in the current struggle for power. In the early 1940s, he had emigrated to America, but he renounced his U.S. citizenship and his professorship at Berkeley to enter Greek politics in the elections of 1964. The crisis of 1965 made his political reputation. He showed remarkable courage and introduced something new to Greek politics—a consistent, well-thought-out and far-reaching program for Greece. Coupling this with, at times, a strident nationalism, and profiting from the hysterical and all too frequent attacks made on him by the right-wing press, he captured the imagination of the young people and many members of the professional and intellectual classes—though the latter still regard him with suspicion as something too good to be believed.

It is common in Greece to compare the younger Papandreou with the late President Kennedy—as a man possessed of style, intellect and a program to get Greece moving again. It would be more accurate, however, to view him as caught in the unfortunate dilemma of being Robert Kennedy and Hubert Humphrey rolled into one. Andreas, like the Senator, has clearly set his eyes on his country's top political office. Like Robert Kennedy, too, he has risen very fast and has captured the imagination of the people. More important for the comparison, the former Attorney General was able to quit Johnson's Cabinet and, as Senator from New York, dissociate himself from the President's policies and failures. On the other hand, Andreas resembles Humphrey in that it is difficult for him to criticize the leader of his party, who in this case is also his father. Yet Andreas has been able to generate sympathy for his dilemma and to give the very distinct impression throughout Greece that he is far more progressive than his father.

Andreas' *radicalism*, however, is nothing more than a mixture of the New Deal, the New Frontier and the Great Society. In the States he was an active supporter of Adlai Stevenson and Humphrey (when Andreas was a professor of economics at the University of Minnesota). But in semi-feudal Greece, such attitudes are extreme.

The Right, moreover, is not alone in its opposition to Andreas. The extreme Left regards him as a temporary expedient, and within the Center Union Party itself there are a few influential people who look upon him as the major stumbling block to power. And this is where Christos Lambrakis comes in.

Lambrakis is a wealthy man in his middle 30s, a brilliant businessman, ambitious to pull the strings of power. He inherited from his father a publishing empire which includes the two leading newspapers of Greece (*Ta Nea* and *To Vima*), as well as a string of other publications.

Early in the constitutional crisis of 1965, Lambrakis became convinced that the King could not be forced to back down and that therefore a plan had to be devised for resolving the conflict on terms acceptable to the palace. The great fear of the palace was that if it allowed elections, the Center Union would get an even greater majority than it did in 1964, thus turning the elections into a plebiscite against the crown. One way out of this impasse was to assure the King that, though the Center Union Party would continue to be the major political force, it would receive no more than a plurality of the popular vote in any future election. The big problem, of course, was to guarantee this outcome in *free* elections. And this, in turn, is where Papandreou *père* comes in.

In a country with a government-controlled radio and without television, the elder Papandreou was necessarily dependent on the press. The Lambrakis papers gave the former premier a big play while, at the same time, enforcing a virtual blackout on his son. In addition to this powerful squeeze on the elder Papandreou, there was his known anti-communism. The elder Papandreou had stated in unequivocal terms his unwillingness to join forces with the left-wing EDA for purposes of forming a coalition government. But pressure was put on him to take a still more strident anti-Communist line—i.e., to support more repressive police measures against the Left—as one way of reassuring the Right and the business community of his good intentions.

The overall strategy of Lambrakis and his collaborators was to push the former premier into alienating the marginal but important liberal voters in Greece who, in protest and from lack of choice, had in the past voted for the left-wing EDA. In the 1964 elections many of these had switched to the Center Union. With the former premier alienating this all-important protest vote, the Center Union could be expected to fall to a plurality. And given the elder Papandreou's pledge not to join with

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the Left, the Center Union would be forced into a coalition government with ERE. Andreas Papandreou would be pushed into the arms of the extreme Left, and the King spared the embarrassment of having the elections interpreted as a plebiscite against his crown.

The Lambrakis plan came to fruition on December 20, 1966. Panayiotis Canellopoulos, leader of ERE, announced his withdrawal of support from the government of Premier Stephanopoulos. Stephanopoulos had no alternative but to resign, and the King appointed the governor of the National Bank of Greece, John Paraskevopoulos, as head of a caretaker government, with elections scheduled for May of 1967. George Papandreou announced support of the new government without waiting to consult his own party. This led, not unreasonably, to speculation that a deal had been made between Canellopoulos and the elder Papandreou—Canellopoulos out of fear that the extreme right wing of his party was planning to oust him and recall Caramanlis from Paris, and Papandreou out of his impatience to become prime minister once again. But apparently Papandreou was in much the weaker bargaining position. Under the constitution, elections were not scheduled to be held until March or April of 1968, by which time the elder Papandreou, whose health was already failing, would be 82.

To speed matters, therefore, George Papandreou was forced to concede on certain major points. First, he was to agree to Paraskevopoulos as head of the caretaker government. Second, parliament was not to be dissolved and elections were to be postponed for five to six months. Third, Papandreou was to give the King a free hand in appointing the ministers of the new government. Fourth, the elder Papandreou was to resolve his differences with the King, abstain from any attacks against him in the campaign, and refuse to collaborate with the Left on any terms. Fifth, the Center Union would not call for new elections in the event of its failure to obtain an absolute majority and would form a coalition government, with Canellopoulos of ERE as Vice Premier. These were stiff demands and the elder Papandreou, in his haste to become prime minister, accepted them without calling a caucus of his own party.

The terms and conditions of the elder Papandreou's capitulation became quickly known. In its bitterness, the puppet government released a transcript of meetings between Canellopoulos, Mrs. Eleni Vlachos, publisher of the two leading conservative newspapers in Athens, and a Mr. Bitsios, head of the King's political bureau. The text of their discussions was published in the January 1, 1967 issue of *Eleftheria,* the newspaper of the deposed government. Although *Eleftheria* claimed it had gotten hold of Canellopoulos' stenographic notes, it was suspected that Constantine Mitsotakis, Minister of Coordination under the puppet government and part owner of *Eleftheria*, had KYP (the Greek central intelligence agency) secretly tape the meetings. In any event, the text of the *Eleftheria* exposé contained many references to Christos Lambrakis, acting as official spokesman for George Papandreou, and to Norbert Anschuetz, Chargé d'Affaires of the U.S. Embassy.

Although libel suits have been filed, the text of the

King Constantine

meetings as reported in *Eleftheria* is generally accepted as substantially accurate. And privileged information I have been able to acquire, independently of the *Eleftheria* revelations, support in large measure the account given of the terms and conditions imposed on George Papandreou. For the record, it should be noted that Andreas Papandreou was secretly advised of Mitsotakis' plans to publish his exposé. Through an intermediary, since father and son at that point were not on speaking terms, George Papandreou was warned that *Eleftheria* was in possession of the tapes and that the Center Union would be torn to shreds if the information were made public. The former Prime Minister was urged to change his policy line and repudiate the Paraskevopoulos government before it was too late. But George Papandreou was too deeply committed and the warning was ignored. His attitude was that the decision to back the caretaker government had been made by him as president of the Center Union and he *demanded* a personal endorsement by each member of the party.

A large bloc of Center Union deputies, led by Andreas Papandreou, refused to go along and announced that they would vote against the Paraskevopoulos government. The elder Papandreou immediately issued a *Diktat*: *any deputy who either abstained or voted against the caretaker government would be summarily expelled from the Center Union Party.*

An internal struggle for power was quick to develop within the Center Union. To test his strength and force the issue of leadership, the former Prime Minister called

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a caucus of the Center Union Party. Approximately forty, or a third, of the 122 Center Union deputies refused to attend, including Andreas. The younger Papandreou, prior to the caucus, was approached by still other Center Union deputies willing to vote against George Papandreou. In short, Andreas found himself in a position to oust his father from the party leadership. But such a defeat would have brought the elder Papandreou's forty-year career as an active politician to an ignominious end—and at the hands of his own son.

For this reason, Andreas refused the additional support. Even so, the elder Papandreou could not afford to excommunicate 30 to 40 per cent of his party. George Papandreou's attempt to impose his will after the fact had failed. Margaret Papandreou, the wife of Andreas, was then called to Castri, the home of her father-in-law. Several meetings were held and in the end Andreas and his followers agreed to go along with George Papandreou, provided one all-important condition were met: *Andreas Papandreou was to have a large measure of control in designating the party's parliamentary candidates.* The elder Papandreou had already pledged that the 122 deputies who had not defected during the 1965 crisis would automatically stand for elections under the Center Union banner, but under the terms of the agreement, Andreas would be able to fill many of the remaining 178 slots with his own people. In this way, the influence of Christos Lambrakis and George Mavros, a conservative and powerful member of the Center Union, would be minimized and their move to seize control of the party effectively countered.

Andreas' major objection to his father's policy, about which he had not been consulted, was the decision to accept a caretaker government for five months without the dissolution of parliament. Within this period, as had so often happened in the past, the Right would have been afforded ample time to rig the coming elections and resort to terror and political intimidation in the countryside. The ministers of the caretaker government had been recruited *exclusively* from the extreme Right and supporters of ERE. The terrorist activities of the rural gendarmerie had already been resumed and the para-military organization, known as the National Security Battalions (TEA) (each local battalion headed by an army officer), had covered the countryside with huge signs wishing long life to the King and warning the people of the dangers of Red fascism. Army rifles and equipment had been issued to the civilian members of TEA, who were already marching through Peloponnesian villages as an act of political intimidation. Andreas' position was that the King and his extremist followers should not be given the time to organize a new terror—that the King should have dissolved parliament and declared elections in forty-five days as required by the constitution. The feeling was that in his haste to become prime minister again, George Papandreou had sold out. And that is where matters now stand.

It might be useful to conclude this saga with an account of what went on behind the scenes just prior to the downfall of the puppet government and the role of the United States in bringing it about. The United States had one overriding goal—to make Greece and Turkey resolve the Cyprus problem and thus end the threat to NATO. The Americans felt that this could be accomplished only by bringing Papandreou and Canellopoulos together, since the puppet government in eighteen months had displayed neither the determination nor the necessary political support to do so.

The Lambrakis plan fitted in well with U.S. objectives since it envisaged a coalition government consisting of the moderates of the Center Union and the ERE parties. The more extreme members of ERE had also been taken by surprise when Canellopoulos, with the secret support of George Papandreou, moved quickly to topple the puppet government. The King was probably pressured by the United States to go along with the plan, since a union of the moderates in the two political parties was not in his interest.

The major concern of everyone involved in the plan was how Andreas Papandreou would react. It was decided to try to induce him to go along or, failing this, to get assurances from George Papandreou that he would expel his son from the party if he refused, thus neutralizing him as a political force. Subsequent events indicate that the elder Papandreou agreed to this strategy.

The first step was to solicit Andreas' support. The puppet government fell, by prearrangement, on Tuesday evening, December 20. Three days earlier, American sources discreetly sounded Andreas on the possibility of a transitional government, with elections to be postponed for at least six months. When he rejected this out of hand, it was suggested that he meet privately with the King on the ground that the King's mind was being poisoned against him, and that it would be a good idea for the two of them to talk confidentially. Andreas declined for the obvious reason that the meeting could easily be turned into a trap: even assuming the King's good intentions, the people around him could leak news of the meeting, thus making it seem that Andreas had accepted a deal with the palace. His counterproposal was for the King to invite *all* political leaders to an open meeting. Andreas was next asked to compromise by sending a personal representative to meet with the head of the King's political bureau, Bitsios, who at that time was already deeply involved in his discussions with Canellopoulos, Mrs. Vlachos and George Papandreou's personal representative, Christos Lambrakis. Andreas put them off by saying that he would have to think about it.

Two hours after the Stephanopoulos government fell on the following Tuesday, a Greek industrialist phoned Andreas' office on Souidias Street and asked to speak to him. Andreas signaled to his aide that he was not in. The industrialist asked the aide to make every effort to locate Andreas and said that he would call back in half an hour. Two more calls were made and on both occasions the industrialist was told that Andreas Papandreou could not be located. Finally the aide was asked to get a message to him as quickly as possible: he, the industrialist, had been authorized by the Paraskevopoulos caretaker government to ask Andreas if he would want to name two or three ministers—provided, of course, that he agreed to support the new government when it came up for a vote of confidence in parliament. It later be-

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came known that Andreas' political aide had been thoroughly investigated, well before the actual downfall of the puppet government, and his dossier placed before the King who then indicated his willingness to appoint him as a minister in the new government if this was the price to be paid for Andreas' support.

When both these attempts to implicate the younger Papandreou failed, it fell upon the father to discipline his son by threatening to expel him and his followers from the Center Union Party. And when it then became clear that his power within the party was greater than anyone had anticipated, Andreas was able to impose a compromise on his own terms—control over the party slate.

For the moment at least, Lambrakis and Canellopoulos have been stalemated and Andreas has emerged, in effect, as the *de facto* leader of the Center Union—thus putting things back to where they were initially, with the Center Union Party once more promising to capture an absolute majority of the parliamentary seats. One new factor, however, must be very disturbing for the palace: the *de facto* leadership of the Center Union has changed and yet the King is firmly committed to elections by next May at the very latest. The plan, in short, backfired by underestimating Andreas' strength.

What role the army will play in this new situation is anybody's guess; whether or not a coup will be attempted depends on too many variables. One major element will be the relative success of the extreme Right and the army either in rigging the elections or using a sufficient amount of terror in the rural areas to reduce the Center Union to a plurality, thus giving another opportunity to the palace to engineer new defections for an ERE government under Canellopoulos. If, on the other hand, Andreas should lead his party to a landslide, it is likely that the army will move. This analysis does not preclude the possibility that a *coup d'état*—deceptively timed to take place when the King is out of the country—may be staged before the May elections.

What all this amounts to is that by emerging as a positive political force in Greece, Andreas Papandreou has also become a destabilizing element in Greek politics. He now represents the "new" politics in Greece and has become the focus around which can be formed a strong party with a long overdue program for reform and change. And he has succeeded in achieving this in the incredibly short span of two years.

The "old" politics of Greece never threatened the traditional distribution of power. It lacked depth or commitment; it had become a surface game of musical chairs, of vying charismatic leaders filled more with pomp than with achievements. This has all been changed by a United States-educated Greek politician of very recent vintage.

Given the current stalemate and the disproportionate division of popular and military power, the United States has a critical role to play. The King is not likely to disregard any *strongly* represented views of the U.S. Government and it is in the long-run self-interest of the United States to support the "new" politics in Greece. But recalling Washington's role in the Dominican Republic, and its apparent acquiescence in the military coups of Brazil and Argentina, one should not entertain too much hope on this score.

COOK COUNTY

MAKING BOOK ON MR. DALEY

EDWARD S. GILBRETH

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Chicago

Richard J. Daley, the Democratic Mayor of Chicago, seeks to renew his lease on City Hall in municipal election next April 4, and almost nowhere do you hear it said that there is a serious challenge to his tenancy. What you do hear are expressions of resignation, a not-too-alarmed acceptance of the inevitable. "Well, let's face it—*nobody* could beat Daley."

This prevailing opinion is startlingly recent. Only a few months ago, the likelihood of Daley's early departure was being discussed with relish, in neighborhood taverns no less frequently than at cocktail parties in the new apartment high-rises that hug the lake shore.

That climate of anticipation had been produced by flighty interpretations of the November 8th election results. Similarly, the current prediction that Daley will be a shoo-in results from surface analysis of the city's February 28th aldermanic elections. That two elections, within four months of each other, could create such contrasting forecasts testifies to the gullibility of the public. It is easier to accept what you are *told* happened in yesterday's election than it is to make even a halfhearted attempt to reach your own conclusion.

In Chicago, perhaps more than in other big cities, the most recent election results become everybody's favorite barometer, and discourage prudent examination of issues and personalities unique to the current contest. However, the November and February elections do have a bearing on Chicago's mayoral campaign.

There is no doubt that Republicans, led by Senatorial candidate Charles H. Percy, scored spectacular gains in Illinois last November. Percy trounced the veteran liberal Sen. Paul H. Douglas by more than 420,000 votes and helped his party establish overwhelming control of

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both houses of the state legislature. In Cook County (where Chicago accounts for about two-thirds of the vote), GOP candidates won eight of the twelve county offices at stake and took five of the seven contested circuit court judgeships.

There is no way of softening the Democrats' humiliation in what turned out to be the Republicans' best state and county performance in twenty years. Yet for all that, twin myths emerged from that election, and public acceptance of these myths clouded the remarkable fact that, within the city of Chicago, returns did not deviate, by area or ethnic group, from the city's long-established voting behavior. The first myth had it that a white backlash vote within Chicago contributed to the Republican victories. The second myth attributed loss of Democratic strength among Negroes to the fact that many civil rights leaders had become disenchanted with City Hall. The two assertions tend to contradict each other, but this conflict is blandly resolved by reference to "the pincer movement," an ingenious piece of quick-think that lends dignity of "theory" to the whole process.

The groundwork for this analysis had been laid in pre-election punditry. The reasoning went as follows: Chicago last summer experienced civil uprisings so violent that they threatened to shred the fabric of community life; Negroes marched into all-white neighborhoods to advertise grievances against real estate practices; the city's small but growing Puerto Rican community erupted with street rioting; Martin Luther King led a spirited campaign demanding an end to discrimination against minorities in jobs and housing; Daley found himself besieged on one side by civil rights leaders who demanded more freedom of opportunity, on the other side by spokesmen for white home owners who accused him of "surrendering" to minorities. Thus: *Boy, Daley and the Democrats will have an impossible time surviving this pincer movement in the election!*

Pre-election polls seemed to confirm that Democratic candidates were indeed caught between property owners in all-white communities and a growing bloc of independents within Negro areas. However, when Chicagoans went to the polls on November 8, they handed Republicans precisely their traditional share of the city's vote—slightly under 45 per cent. The results showed no discernible shift from the norm among either whites or Negroes. The Democrats did slip badly in the Chicago suburbs and downstate, thus accounting for the magnitude of the Republican victory.

The city's February 28th aldermanic election, a technically "nonpartisan" affair, was held simultaneously with the Democratic and Republican mayoral primaries. However, Mayor Daley was unopposed for renomination in his primary, and the Republican-endorsed candidate, John L. Waner, a millionaire heating and air-conditioning executive, had no significant competition (two nuisance candidates, perennial also-rans, were on the ballot against him). Thus, in the absence of mayoral drama, more than usual interest focused on the race for City Council seats in each of the city's fifty wards. A peculiarity of state law prevents Chicago aldermanic candidates from being listed on the ballot under party labels, but the two political parties are not prohibited from endorsing candidates. How each party fares in electing aldermen every four years becomes a gauge of its organizational strength as it girds for the mayoral contest several weeks later.

In the council races, Republicans increased their ranks from four to seven, and the Democrats won thirty-seven. The result in six wards, where no candidate received a plurality in multiple contests, will be decided by run-off elections on April 4. After that date, the Democratic council ranks will probably number more than forty.

Surprisingly, though, public interest drained from the aldermanic campaign once the results were in, and riveted itself on the showings made by the mayoral candidates in their previously ignored primary campaigns. Mayor Daley had been renominated with a total of 422,000 votes. Mr. Waner won his party's formal nomination with only 73,000. This ratio of nearly 6 to 1 captivated the press and broadcasters no less than the public. "Daley Is Still the Champ!" "Daley Wins Big!" And in barroom conversations: "Boy, Daley and the Democrats sure bounced back from their licking in November, didn't they?"

If there is any significance in the recent aldermanic election, it is to be found by comparing it with the council races in the February that preceded Daley's 1963 vote (16 percentage points below the 71 per cent he had scored four years earlier). Here, again, the Democratic organization demonstrated that its hold on Chicago has neither faltered nor increased. In 1963, Democratic-endorsed candidates for aldermen received 446,388 votes, or 64 per cent. In the recent contest, Democrats came within 2,000 votes of that total (it is difficult to give a precise figure because in two wards both parties endorsed the same candidate), and their proportion was *at least* 63 per cent.

(It is worth remembering that whereas, in the 1963 mayoral primaries, Daley outpolled his Republican opponent by about 4 to 1, six weeks later, in a head-on contest with the same opponent, he won by only 6 to 5.)

Now midway through his campaign to topple Daley, Republican Waner finds himself buffeted by contradictory waves of opinion: First, by the overreaction to (and misinterpretation of) the GOP victories last November; second, by similar overreaction to (and possible misinterpretation of) the mayoral primaries. The effect on the first was to infuse GOP troops with fresh confidence that this year, for the first time since 1931, Chicago's City Hall was within their grasp. The effect of the second was to encourage the city's Republican-oriented business community to go along once more with Daley.

Even before the primary, the city's financial community, the State Street merchants and the executives of the LaSalle Street banks had lined up behind Daley, as they had done in the Mayor's two previous re-election campaigns. This liaison between a Democratic mayor and the conservative business establishment (unwaveringly Republican in state and national politics) was not a case of love at first sight. Twelve years ago, when he first ran for mayor, Daley campaigned against the city's downtown concentration of wealth which, he charged, had been gobbling up a disproportionate share of the city's resources to the

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Felix Palm, Christian Science Monitor

Mayor Richard J. Daley

detriment of outlying neighborhoods. But in the campaign now under way, it is the Republican candidate who flings the same charge, picturing Daley as the creature of the rich who drains sustenance from the "disenfranchised poor and the tax-burdened middle class."

It is difficult to reach conclusions in this debate. Daley does command the loyalty (and the respect) of what in the 1930s would have been denigrated as "the ruling class." Chicago's neighborhoods have eroded (with the exception of three successful experiments in urban renewal). And Daley has grown into the leadership of a monolithic political organization—the "last of the big city machines"—that wields power with arrogant abandon because of the impotence of the opposition. But Waner now, like other Republicans before him, cannot show beyond argument that Daley's loyalty to big business has hurt Chicago, or that the continued erosion of middle-class communities and the expansion of the Negro ghetto are the direct causes of this union.

After all, Daley's supporters maintain, Daley changed the topography of the city. Under his leadership, some sixty high-rises were erected in a city that had not had a change of skyline in twenty years. A labyrinth of modern expressways now winds through neighborhoods previously at the edge of decay (and therefore expendable). As for the flight of the white middle class to the suburbs and the growth of the ghetto, these are phenomena common to all big cities. Can Daley be held responsible for a national trend?

Waner, at 52 a self-made business success, is the son of Polish immigrants and rose from his own kind of ghetto. He recently popped up with a new issue, designed to give him some leverage on the elections. In a television appearance, Waner suddenly blurted out that if elected, "I will replace Police Superintendent Wilson."

Fire Orlando W. Wilson? Rid Chicago of its national symbol of reform police administration? "Wilson was handed a $100 million budget, and he has not done the job," Waner says. "The job" means curbing Chicago's growing crime rate, creating law-enforcement programs "to make our neighborhoods safe at night."

Daley let a blue-ribbon panel pick Wilson as police superintendent several years ago, when a police scandal threatened to tarnish the Mayor's image as a politician of personal integrity. Since his arrival in Chicago from the academic world in California, former law Professor Wilson has attained sacred cow status. He enjoys kid-glove treatment from the press and politicians. Waner's suggestion that he be replaced created a ripple of sensation—about the only one so far in a low-voltage campaign.

What was especially disturbing in Waner's ploy was the implication that by crying alarm at violence in the streets he courts support among white voters who attribute all such crime to the Negro. This implication gives an unfair idea of Waner, a white-thatched, jowly man whose affability is matched by previous examples of compassion for the plight of minorities. As Chicago's federal housing administrator under President Eisenhower in 1960, Waner frequently tongue-lashed the real estate interests for discriminatory housing practices. "If you don't stop this on your own," Waner warned four years before enactment of the first major civil rights bills in Congress, "the federal government will be forced to intervene."

While he has not endorsed the principle of open occupancy, Waner has shunned advice to conduct a racist campaign. The candidate was recently advised to woo Negroes by promising them jobs—"you know, simple jobs." "The Negroes know they can get menial jobs," Waner sternly replied. "Wouldn't it be better to get trade unions to open up their memberships so that Negroes have a chance at skilled jobs?"

In a campaign pitch perhaps too elevated for voters accustomed to meat-and-potatoes oratory, Waner urges designating all of Chicago as an urban-renewal area. The idea, he adds, is not to launch any massive land clearance but to make more Chicagoans eligible for mortgage guarantees under the Federal Housing Administration. One reason for the city's loss of middle-class urban housing, he says, is a dearth of available mortgage money.

Waner plots his campaign in a second-floor Loop headquarters across the street from Daley's City Hall. And while he scurries to any ward meeting or street-corner gathering he can find, Daley—King Richard to his enemies—quietly projects the image of a mayor dedicated first to running the city, second, to running for re-election.

The Mayor, whose fourth term would occupy most of his late 60s, bustles with the same energy he displayed when, at 53, he began his ascendancy. He still mangles the language ("I resent the insinuendoes"), but time has turned this characteristic into an endearing foible. Spec-

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tators who once jeered at the speech of this stocky, blue-eyed Irishman from Chicago's Back-o'-the-Yards district now listen to him in happy anticipation, but with little condescension. They smile at his tidbits (which some cynics say are deliberate) and at his eternal extollings of "the wunnerful people of this wunnerful city."

Efforts to depict Daley as a cultural clod are unjust. Through personal appearance as first-nighters and through public support, the Mayor and his wife are among the city's biggest boosters of the arts. If Chicago's prestigious Lyric Opera revives its canceled 1967 season, the resumption will be won primarily by Daley's skill as an arbiter between the opera company and the musicians' union. In recent months Daley proved his ability at this sort of peace making by averting the threatened strike of Chicago public schoolteachers. He was active in behind-the-scenes negotiations that last year ended a strike by public case workers, and which this year headed off a strike by public nurses at the Cook County Hospital, the largest general hospital in the world.

These day-by-day activities have a cumulative effect that far outweighs harangues about Chicago's rising tax rate, dialogues about the methodology of the local anti-poverty war, or debates about the advisability of changing mayors for the health of a two-party system.

Not one in twenty parents of Chicago school children is aware of the legal separation of the Chicago city government and its Board of Education. Virtually all, however, know that Daley got the credit for keeping schools open when the teachers were about to walk out.

It is fatuous at this point to maintain that any issue exists that would ride Waner into Daley's office. It is equally premature to tag Daley as an overwhelming cinch in April. The November and February results support the broad generalization that the Mayor can expect to get his fourth term with a total of from 650,000 to 700,000 votes, say, 54 to 56 per cent.

The public, now conditioned to expect a bigger victory for Daley, will again react, and Waner will become the undeserved beneficiary of the notion that he is "the man who almost beat Daley." This misdirected applause can, in turn, promote Waner into a candidacy on his party's county or state ticket in 1968.

Meanwhile, the chances are remote that anyone but O. W. Wilson will be in charge of the Police Department after April 4. And Daley, his blue eyes atwinkle, ensconced for another four years in his comfortable fifth-floor office at City Hall, will again be about the business of running the city, almost smug in his belief that what happened was, after all, inevitable.

THE SIEGE OF CICERO

BRUCE J. OUDES

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Everybody knows about Cicero. It's the town next to Chicago where the whites don't want to integrate. Is that so amazing? Plenty of towns in the North don't exactly encourage Negroes to move in next door. So what's so different about Cicero?

This question—this Cicero thing—has disturbed me for many years, ever since 1951, when some of my classmates in the freshman class at Morton High School helped to toss the furniture of a Negro bus driver out of his apartment window. Now, however, I get the feeling that I'm not alone in my preoccupation with the town. Cicero is on the lips of many people. Martin Luther King, if he doesn't yet know it, lost a major battle there last summer—a battle he chose not to fight. He called it the "Selma of the North." The name flowed easily from A. Philip Randolph's tongue when he testified before a Senate committee last fall. Just a few weeks ago Lewis Alcindor, the basketball player, said: "The South is in Montgomery, Alabama. But the South is also in Cicero, Illinois. . . ." Cicero is big news now. It has gained the reputation it overtly shunned, but subconsciously sought, for the past two decades. Cicero and race are even more synonymous these days than Cicero and Al Capone. It is quite probably the largest municipal body (70,000) in the United States that will not acknowledge having a single Negro resident. Most places have made their peace with tokenism; Cicero stands proud on principle.

If Cicero is to stay at the top of the news next summer, Dr. King will have to accept the challenge he sidestepped last year. He must know that the good burghers of Cicero think him "chicken." He got into this predicament by treating Cicero as a side issue, a pawn, in his Chicago operation last year. According to one of his aides, the strategy was this: They knew and Daley knew that the Democrats would suffer from vote loss to white backlash in proportion to the amount of pressure Dr. King applied. In order to get the real estate agreement, King decided to use the *threat* of a march into Cicero which, in one sense, is like my threatening to sock your neighbor if you don't do what I want. Cicero is dependent on Chicago principally for water and some public transportation facilities—plus about 15,000 Negro workers who, apartheid-like, are allowed to work in Cicero but may not sleep there. Cicero even belongs to a suburban association of real estate dealers which has nothing to do directly with the Chicago association that was King's target. King's advisers knew, however, that the march threat was effective because a demonstration in Cicero, the most volatile white bastion in Cook County, would drain votes from the Democrats. Daley gave in, and King's forces got their agreement.

But King's maneuver also reinforced Cicero's belief in its invincibility. CORE's rump march on Labor Day weekend helped slightly to redress the balance, but

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Robert Lucas of CORE lacks the magnetism of Martin Luther King. Chicago newspapers called the march "self-serving" and "irresponsible and pointless." Not until four months later did anyone call it "dignified and impressive"—the tag used by one of the networks in its year-end review of 1966. Four months earlier this network had said, in a notable example of unbiased journalism, that Cicero had a reputation for hating Negroes, "deserved or not." The people of Cicero would be the first to say that the reputation was deserved.

As for the march being pointless, it was that without a doubt if the goal was to open Cicero real estate to Negroes. But if it was to serve world-wide notice of that community's festering social sores, it was a huge success. It just may have called enough attention to the situation so that Dr. King cannot ignore it this coming summer. If he acts, there is little doubt that his movement risks adding more martyrs to its rolls in Cicero than it has added in the course of any one operation over the past decade. For Cicero is without doubt sick to the point of criminal insanity with racial hatred and fear.

The peculiar web of Cicero's social structure makes the community a fascinating — and somewhat unusual—study in racism. It is a community too proud and ignorant to ask for the help it needs; a community predictable right down to its epitaph.

Cicero practices a very effective form of thought control. Anyone who proposes that the bars to Negro residency be lifted in Cicero—or Berwyn, its "twin" to the west—faces certain ostracism from the political life of the community. The handful of progressive teachers at Morton High express their views guardedly: they depend on the Board of Education to renew their contracts. The *Cicero Life,* one of a chain of suburban newspapers, speaks in editorial double talk, partly from conviction, partly from fear of losing advertising. The bulk of the Catholic clergy silently oppose the racial ecumenicism of the hierarchy.

Last summer, a small group of progressive Catholic and Protestant clergy proposed that Cicero make a modest start toward racial peace by forming a community human relations committee. The proposal—made after a Negro youth was murdered by four whites with baseball bats—was quashed by town officials. They issued this statement: "We have no human relations problems at this point and when and if the problem does arise we will step into the breach and do what we must."

The *Cicero Life* commented that the local clergy was "urged" into its statement by "outsiders" who were West Side Chicago churchmen. The paper offered this remarkable exercise in rhetoric and logic: "The membership of any such commission . . . would have to be in sympathy with the announced purposes of the clerical appeal or it would be subject to the recriminations of those seeking its formation. . . . The clergy could hardly be regarded as unbiased since it already has announced prejudices. . . . This is patently partisanship. Could a commission drawn from the signers of such an appeal be relied upon to educate our community fairly and honestly, weighing equally both sides of the question of race relations?"

Fear of "outsiders" has been a long-standing obsession in Cicero. It doesn't take much to become an "outsider." Even a native son who leaves the community for college becomes an "outsider" as soon as he has been exposed to "foreign" ideas. There is a strong parallel with Southern practice of considering a native white Southerner an "outsider" if he has gone North to be educated.

Cicero is in fact assimilating outsiders at a rapid rate, but the influx merely hardens the community's racist rigidity. Immigrants now come in two streams. One is from Chicago itself, where home owners are panic selling ahead of the advancing Negro ghetto. They move to Cicero in the belief that this is "safe" territory and that they won't have to sell at a loss again. The other stream consists of recent arrivals in the Chicago area from southern Illinois and Kentucky. In the popular idiom, they are "hillbillies," and their ideas on Negroes are well known. They come to Cicero for its congenial moral climate and cheap rents—$85 average for an unfurnished four-and-a-half-room apartment.

The newcomers are not readily accepted into the community which has been dominated from its founding by clannish groups, principally of Slavic extraction.

Since the total population in Cicero remains relatively constant, who is leaving? Industrious families who have grown a little prosperous are moving to the more fashionable suburbs west and north. They often retain their former homes in Cicero for income, and thus become absentee landlords—a phenomenon that used to be rare in Cicero. The other outward flow is a "brain drain" of younger people who go out to college and never return. The only young ones who stay are those who don't do too well and for whom the future is limited to punching a time clock at a local factory.

The situation then is rapidly becoming critical as the quality of the community continues to decline. Business is falling off, a victim of new shopping centers being built not far away. A specter remains, however, and it too paralyzes any progress. It is the ghost of Al Capone. "Don't buck the mob" is the community's most common alibi for inertia. One intelligent Cicero resident who doesn't want to risk having his body found in some forest preserve by speaking out publicly, told me recently: "Look, even if some people started thinking tokenism might be a solution, do you think the syndicate would let anything like that happen? They'd be afraid that businessmen might stop coming out from the Loop for girlie shows and gambling out of fear of being rolled if Cicero wasn't an all-white town."

A small item in the *Cicero Life* last summer summed it up: "The Star Lounge, ABG Corp., 2336 Cicero Ave., was one of three new locations which obtained federal gaming stamps for the new fiscal year . . . bringing the total for the county to 110. . . . Cicero leads the county easily with forty-six locations having gaming stamps used for the possession of pinball machines, slot machines and similar contrivances."

The Star Lounge is owned by the family of one of the town's leading officials, and the situation is essentially unchanged from thirty years ago. County police

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make a token raid or two at the start of each administration; Cicero cops never participate. During one raid a couple of years ago, they ticketed the county police for illegal parking.

Out of fear, the burghers of Cicero have closed their minds to the shadowy and sinister-sounding syndicate. They tend their neat, rectangular red brick bungalows and two-flats, set side by side on neat, rectangular lots. The proper compliment to pay them is to call them thrifty and hard working, adjectives they proudly repeat to one another daily. They have pulled themselves to prosperity through their unofficial motto: "God helps those who help themselves." They are America's Afrikaners. The difference is that in South Africa blacks do the physical labor; in Cicero each housewife is her own domestic. It is not unusual to see a 75-year-old grandmother scrubbing or picking weeds on hands and knees. The money saved is put into the savings and loan. To call someone in Cicero a "real Bohemian" is to attribute to him the characteristics attributed elsewhere to the Scots. A youngster must leave the community to learn that Bohemian can be spelled with a small "b" and have another meaning.

With all the prosperity and stability, one might think that Cicero would have achieved some kind of security and civic-mindedness, but it hasn't. The natives want minimal community services, and little more. I asked a long-time parish priest, a respected figure in the community, what it would take to get up public enthusiasm for a particular project. "It would take committees and meetings and organization," he said. Then, he mused, "you know these people aren't very civic-minded."

Recently, however, they have been united in one determined effort: opposition to any and all open-housing legislation, which they call "forced housing." They vote Republican because they are in the "suburbs" and people in the suburbs are supposed to be Republican. There was no white-backlash vote in Cicero last fall. The community was already so rigidly racist that there was nothing to lash back from.

The people of Cicero are even suspicious of neighboring Berwyn, though the two are almost indistinguishable. One of the reasons given for the construction of an expensive athletic plant at the Morton High branch in Cicero, when there is already one at the branch in Berwyn, is that "Cicero people don't feel at home over there." This was said to me by a school district official who holds a doctorate in education and is himself a Berwyn resident. The Human Relations Club at Morton (5,300 students) recently had but five members. The school district official could offer no insights. "Problem? What problem? We've got no problem here. Nothing's come to pass yet," he said.

Nothing and at the same time everything has come to pass. Two-thirds of the community is nominally Catholic, 10 per cent is Protestant. Five of the town's nine churches were founded in the twenties as ethnic parishes. In large part, they remain that way. One is Lithuanian to the point that Mass is said in that language, three others are more than 90 per cent Polish, and another is more than two-thirds Bohemian. They are refuges for older people who want to maintain their ties to the old country. Protestants are suspect in the general community, particularly since their ministers tend to rotate every few years and so remain forever "outsiders."

In this closed and suspicious climate, the only kind of hate that is recognized is outside hate such as in the Nazi party and the K.K.K. Community leaders know that these groups could easily do quite well recruiting in Cicero. This is evidenced by the fact that several dozen T-shirted Cicero youths, who were wearing their hair long before anyone ever heard of the Beatles, proudly waved Nazi posters during the CORE march. The *Cicero Life* has equated Dr. King's movement with such manifestations. "The march is . . . dictated by leaders of a hate group whose only purpose now can be to incite violence. . . . Equally vicious and unprincipled hate groups like the American Nazi Party and the Ku Klux Klan have been seeking to inflame as many as possible." The paper added that Cicero has "an undeserved reputation for racial bigotry."

However, the community cannot much longer delude itself into believing that it is not bigoted and that only the K.K.K. and the Nazis are problems. Cicero rentals are too attractive to the Negroes who in the past decade have expanded the ghetto rapidly westward until they are now at the community's door, across the railroad viaduct. There are few industrial communities in the North where Negroes comprise a third of the work force and can patronize restaurants and bars, if somewhat hesitantly, where they cannot live. Negro employment in Cicero has doubled in the past five years. The dam simply can't hold much longer. The people of Cicero aren't even thinking of such things now in the winter following the march. They see integration as a bad dream that will go away. But it won't.

However it happens, most thoughtful observers agree that when Cicero "goes"—that is to say when a half dozen Negro families move into the community and are

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not run out within the first few weeks of their arrival—the entire community will "go." It will flee west, accepting the real estate loss. Except for aged and infirm whites, Cicero will rapidly become a Negro ghetto. Controlled integration stands no chance in a community that can't even accept a human relations committee. The CORE marchers in Cicero last September set the stage not just for "blockbusting" but for "town-busting"—the transformation of an entire community.

Meanwhile, Cicero waits, proud and terribly afraid of a world it doesn't know. The best description of this pride and defiance came from a Chicago businessman I know whose parents remain in Cicero, but who himself now lives farther west. "Look, man," he said, "what did the march prove? It proved that Cicero maintained its reputation. The hoods did just enough to justify the Guard being there. Everybody agrees there would have been real bloodshed if the Guard weren't around. Cicero keeps its reputation for hating Negroes. That's what they want. They like that like they like the reputation for gangsters, Capone, bang-bang and all that. The only two times Negroes have made noises about living in Cicero—fifteen years apart—and both times the Guard comes and Negroes don't stay. And this time—for the first time in the history of the state—the Guard was called out *before* trouble happens. To them, that's somethin'." He himself, knowing that he could get a better price for the family home from a middle-class Negro family than through a white Cicero real estate agent, will be sorely tempted to do so when the time comes. He's a money-minded man.

There is something fascinating about Cicero all right, something gruesomely fascinating. It's a death watch.

Con Edison: The Arrogance of Power

ANTHONY PRISENDORF
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The Consolidated Edison Company of New York is the country's largest privately owned utility, with virtually exclusive domain over the nation's most populous area. In attaining this prominence, and thanks to flaccid state regulatory practices, Con Edison has won a name for itself as a defiant oligarchy, relentlessly pursuing an inflexible, public-be-damned policy.

Those who have had even the slightest brush with the company have come away with a new understanding of the word "power" in Con Edison's slogan, "Power for Progress." The company's attitude was perhaps best summed up last year by a Washington utility consultant, David Kosh. "I've been in the utilities business for thirty-four years," Kosh told *Fortune* magazine, "and I can't think of a company that goes out of its way to alienate customers the way Con Edison does. They're so stiff-backed. I have yet to hear a Con Edison executive say: 'Maybe you have a point.' By definition, they always think they are right."

Since 1882, when Thomas A. Edison opened his first electric generating plant in lower Manhattan, the company has grown phenomenally. Today it has nearly $4 billion in assets, a gross annual revenue of $869 million, twelve generating plants—one of which is the first privately owned nuclear plant in the country—and supplies electricity, gas or steam to more than 4 million customers in New York City and most of neighboring Westchester County.

Such an impregnable position of leadership might make a corporation lax, but it has not happened to Con Edison. On the contrary, throughout its recent history, the company's officials have reinforced its position by cultivating unshakable friendships with political power structures. By law, utilities are prohibited from taking an active part in politics, but there is nothing to prevent friendships from "evolving." Charles E. Eble, the company's 66-year-old chairman and chief executive, makes no attempt to conceal the fact. "Over the years I struck up friendships with many politicians," Eble was quoted as saying last spring. "It was not something that I set out to do objectively at the beginning. But, as time passed, I found that many of my friends had moved into positions of authority. I could talk to them. It was as simple as that."

Over the years, Con Edison has "talked" to its friends with excellent results. In the state legislature, for instance, the utility's broad scope of influence is tantamount to a veto power over legislation that would run counter to its vested interests. Samuel A. Spiegel, a former state assemblyman and now a state supreme court judge, has said that in all his years on the assembly's public service committee: "I've never seen a piece of legislation come out inimical to the company's interests."

Rep. William F. Ryan, a Reform Democrat from Manhattan, goes much further. On November 25, 1966, the day Con Edison imposed its most recent electric rate increase, totaling $32.4 million, Representative Ryan charged that Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller, a Republican, and the all-Republican state Public Service Commission, had "conspired" with Con Edison to postpone the rate increase until after the elections. The charge was shrugged off as political cant, but a member of the Governor's staff later confided: "We had a devil of a time persuading them [Con Edison officials] to hold off until after the election." Since the rate increase went into effect, Representative Ryan has written twice to the Federal Power Commission, requesting a full-scale investigation of the "working relationship" between Con Edison and the Public Service Commission. The FPC has declined, Representative Ryan says, on the ground that its jurisdiction over privately owned utilities is limited to regulating the interstate sale of power.

Preserving Con Edison's distinction as the nation's number one public utility has been an expensive proposition for

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its customers, but not for its quarter of a million stockholders. While the national trend has been toward cheaper electricity for residential consumers, within the last nine years Con Edison has raised its electric rates by a total of $100 million, ostensibly to meet higher operating costs (rates are fixed on a cost-plus basis, the cost supposedly being operating expenses). As a result, Con Edison customers pay the highest residential rates in the country; 250 kilowatt-hours a month cost $9.41 in New York, $7.83 in Chicago, and $6.33 in Los Angeles. The company justifies its rates with the allegation that it costs more to generate and transmit power in heavily congested areas. And from time to time its public relations staff broadcasts the fact that Con Edison is New York City's largest real estate taxpayer. What the company neglects to say is that these taxes, like all others, are added to its operating expenses, and paid ultimately by the consumer.

Nor does the company encourage the public to recall that on February 23, 1961, the state Public Service Commission forced it to merge with its wholly owned subsidiary, the Consolidated Telegraph and Electrical Co. For years, Con Edison critics claimed, the company paid exorbitant rents to its subsidiary for the use of 8,500 miles of underground conduits. These rents increased Con Edison's operating costs, decreasing its earnings. By showing reduced earnings, the company could defend its applications for rate increases. The Owners' Committee for Electrical Rates, representing major real estate groups in the city, claimed that between 1923 and 1961 Con Edison and its stockholders made a $95 million profit through this arrangement. The subsidiary would declare annual dividends which it paid directly to Con Edison. These dividends were not applied to the parent company's operations, but distributed entirely to Con Edison stockholders. Neither the company nor the Public Service Commission considered these earnings part of operating revenue.

More recently, Con Edison has reluctantly disclosed that new customers' deposits for electric and gas service can be a source of considerable profit. A residential customer usually pays a $20 deposit before his electricity or gas is turned on. By last June the company had accumulated $29.4 million in deposits, for which it pays the consumer 4 per cent interest. However, as *The New York Times* pointed out on January 20, "Large amounts of money—such as the $29 million in deposits held by Con Edison—can earn roughly 5.5 percent annually when invested in certificates of deposits in major New York banks."

The little known fact that Con Edison had amassed $29 million in deposits was brought out at a PSC hearing, now under way, to determine, in retrospect, whether the company was entitled to raise its electric rates by $32.4 million last November. The procedure of defending a rate increase after it has been imposed prompted state Sen. Paul P. E. Bookson, a Manhattan Democrat, to observe that the hearings are "something out of an *Alice in Wonderland* trial. First comes the sentence for the consumers, and then the verdict." Although the PSC is not expected to conclude its hearings for some time, there seems to be little doubt that the verdict will hold. The increase was granted without the customary prior public hearings, the commission said in November, because a preliminary investigation indicated that the increase was warranted. Con Edison itself set the tone of the hearings at the outset by saying that far from overcharging its customers, it had asked for a rate increase that would probably be insufficient to meet higher operating expenses.

There was one notable instance, however, when Con Edison pushed its luck too far; it is still feeling the results. On July 29, 1964, the PSC approved the company's request for a $27 million rate increase, bringing to $68 million the total of rate increases since 1958. During the hearings that preceded this decision, the city's lawyers had asked to use Con Edison's books in their cross-examination of the company's "experts." The company refused, and so did the PSC. The city appealed to the courts, and on April 28, 1966—twenty months and $45 million in higher rates later—the state court of appeals upheld the city's right to look at Con Edison's books.

Accordingly, the city retained Arnold H. Hirsch, a Washington public utility consultant whom it had called on periodically during the twelve years former Mayor Wagner was in office, to make the study. Because a full-scale examination of Con Edison's books would have been prohibitively costly and time consuming, the city settled for a $20,000 "sampling examination" of the books during the 1962 calendar year and a twelve-month period ending June 30, 1963, the two test periods cited by Con Edison in its request for the 1964 rate increase. Hirsch began a six-week study on June 20, 1966, and submitted his report to the city on September 3 of that year.

In a 33-page analysis Hirsch, who is also an engineer and a lawyer, asserted that the frequency with which the company's expenses were improperly charged to ratepayers, and the "peculiar operating accounts to which they are charged," are symptomatic of Con Edison's "seemingly callous indifference toward its fundamental duty and responsibility as a public utility. The cost-plus character of its business appears to have been tortured into a license to charge whatever the traffic will bear." A full-scale examination of Con Edison's books and records, he said, "will disclose improper charges to the operating expenses of the electric ratepayers in the amount of $12 million to $15 million on an annual basis."

Specifically, Hirsch reported that Con Edison had paid two New York law firms a total of $1,840,100 during the two test periods for "an almost unbroken chain of legal services for which the expenses were improperly charged to the utility consumers." Furthermore, Hirsch said, during the same test periods the company had paid an Albany law firm $30,000 for services "admittedly legislative in character [which] should have been excluded from Con Edison's operating expense accounts for ratemaking purposes."

Examining the company's expenses for institutional advertising during the test periods, Hirsch found that Con Edison spent a total of $2,925,036. Such expenses, he said, are "manifestly improvident, and constitute an unjust and unwarranted imposition on the ratepayers." Using

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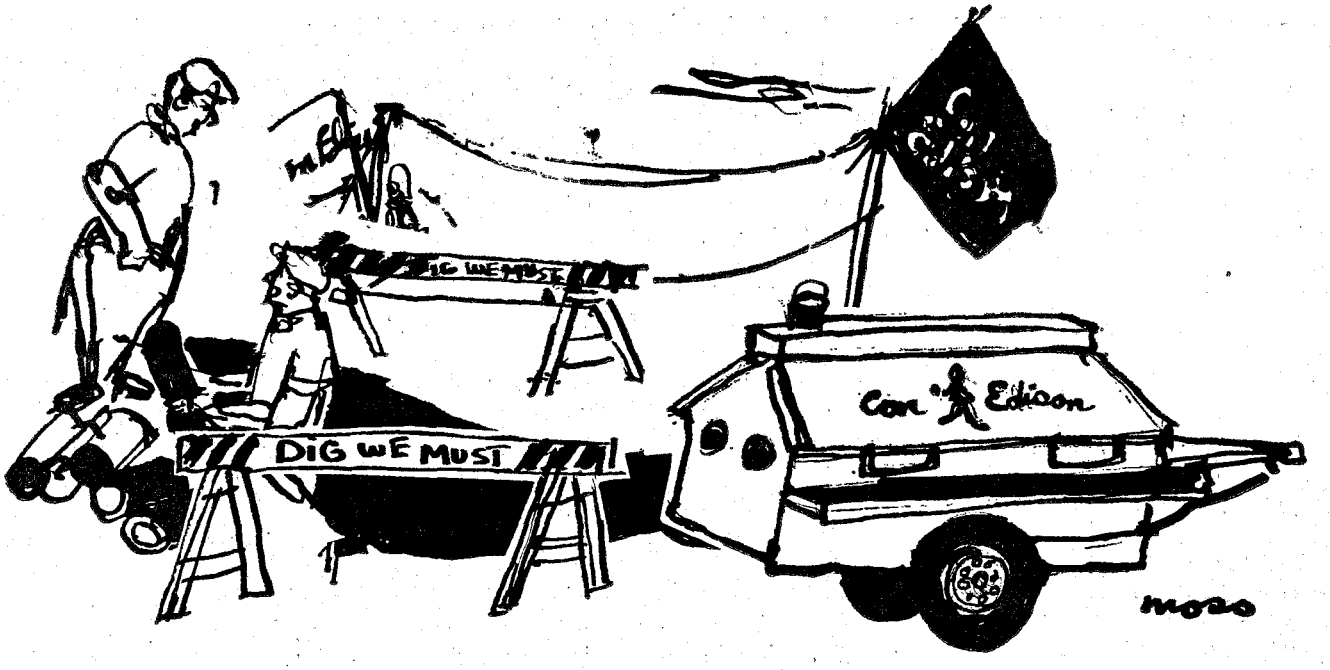

for comparison the next two largest electric utilities in the country—California's Pacific Gas and Electric Co. and the Chicago Commonwealth Edison Co.—Hirsch calculated that Con Edison's expenses for advertising were about twenty-five times greater on the basis of electric consumers, and forty times greater on the basis of kilowatt-hours sold. He concluded that there is "not a scintilla of evidence" to show that Con Edison's "unbridled" advertising expenses "have fostered 'sound customer relations,' or have lessened the company's 'expense of doing business.'" On the contrary, he wrote, the company's advertising "is primarily a 'Pavlovian' technique designed to condition the ratepayers to a passive attitude in regard to the company's proclivity for periodic rate increases."

In addition, Hirsch found several "miscellaneous items" which were improperly charged to the consumers. Individually, these items are of inconsequential value, Hirsch said, but in the aggregate, "appreciable." Some of those expenses include $454,977 in contributions to the "Electric Power & Light Exhibit" at the 1964-65 New York World's Fair; a $573,471.15 installation cost of air conditioning in the company's executive offices; membership in private social clubs and organizations; and regular trips to Albany for "express legislative purposes" by Con Edison executives.

There was one significant fact about Con Edison's participation in the World's Fair that Hirsch missed in his report, but that has been brought out at the current PSC hearings. During his testimony Emanuel Toder, the company's vice president and controller, contradicted an earlier press statement issued by the company's president, John V. Cleary, and admitted that the company's loss of $907,500 in World's Fair bonds was passed along to the consumers. Toder defended the accounting procedures by saying that Con Edison's total investment of $1.5 million in the fair was an operating expense, intended to promote business, and that the publicity had actually lessened the need for future rate increases.

Although until now the contents of the Hirsch report have not been made public, portions have been "leaked" to the newspapers. While the company has declined to respond directly to charges in a report it has never seen, it has not refrained from attempting to discredit Hirsch's professional reputation. On January 18, Con Edison's counsel, Patrick H. Sullivan, reminded the PSC that in 1955 Hirsch was arguing before it that the New York Telephone Company's rate of return should be restricted to 4.5 per cent. Sullivan then cited portions from the transcript of that PSC hearing in which the commission stated: "How the witness [Hirsch] fell into these serious errors is not clear. It is sufficient to say that these and other matters which might be commented on tend to destroy any probative value that the witness' testimony might have. This Commission faced difficult problems and welcomes all the assistance that any . . . interested party can give it in reaching a determination. This testimony, however, is no help."

The "leak" that caused the greatest commotion at Con Edison's offices was a published statement that the Hirsch report alleges that by "improper" accounting procedures the company has overcharged its customers by $35 million since 1964. Con Edison chairman Eble promptly rejoined that his company maintains its accounts in accordance with the Uniform System of Accounts as prescribed by the PSC. Moreover, he said, Con Edison furnishes detailed reports to the Securities and Exchange Commission, the Federal Power Commission and the Internal Revenue Service. "To suggest that improper accounting procedures could result in a $35 million overcharge to Con Edison customers under this kind of scrutiny is an indictment of these organizations. . . ."

Con Edison's critics may feel that Eble could not have expressed their misgivings about the PSC more eloquently. Those who set out to chasten the company for its high-handed business tactics usually wind up condemning the politically dominated PSC for its haphazard attempts to protect the public's interests. State Senator Bookson was speaking for all such critics when he said recently: "We have a public utility which is regulated by the PSC which

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does no service for the public. I seriously question whether they are acting in the public interest."

If Con Edison has profited at the undue expense of its customers, it is principally by strict adherence to the first commandment of free enterprise, *caveat emptor*. But under the delusion that there exists in New York State a regulatory agency with the public's interest at heart, the public long ago dropped its guard. The late Arthur T. Vanderbilt, chief justice of the New Jersey supreme court, warned of this state of affairs when he said: "Nothing is so dangerous in a democracy as a safeguard which appears to be adequate but which is really a façade." This is the underlying theme of Hirsch's report, one that he emphasizes by scornful use of the word "watchdog" whenever he refers to the PSC's accountants who were supposed to catch the accounting irregularities that he came upon. Hirsch cites two major items on which the PSC accountants should have acted, but didn't. In opposing the 1964 rate increase, the city argued that the experimental production of electricity at the company's nuclear generating plant "imposed an abnormally high incremental cost" on the company of about $5.3 million in 1962 and nearly $15 million during the twelve-month period ending June 30, 1963. The PSC ruled that the costs of the Westchester County nuclear plant, "both capital and operational," were to be "excluded entirely" in the application for the rate increase. Hirsch found that during these two periods Con Edison's "atomic energy expense" account totaled $3,037,886, of which only $718,039, of "amortization of research and development costs," was excluded from the application. In view of this "omission," Hirsch said, "it is somewhat difficult to understand the functions of the commission's 'watchdog' accountants stationed regularly in the offices of Con Edison. . . ."

In the second instance, Hirsch found that the PSC "watchdogs" failed to report that General Electric had agreed to pay $5.8 million to settle a Con Edison anti-trust suit. In January, 1962, Con Edison filed suits amounting to nearly $21 million against General Electric and eighteen other manufacturers for rigging bids and fixing prices on $219 million worth of electrical equipment the utility had purchased since 1948. Con Edison announced the settlement on December 18, 1963, twelve days after the PSC had ended its hearings on the 1964 rate increase. It was then that the commission "first learned" of the settlement, Hirsch reports, although the company's records show that "this anti-trust settlement was concluded with the General Electric Company in November, 1963. . . ." Again, singling out the "watchdog" accountants, Hirsch asserts that they "should have known of this settlement, and could well have presented it in evidence before the close of the hearings on December 6, 1963." Such evidence, he maintains, "would undoubtedly have benefited the ratepayers, as they were the principal victims of the conspiracy which precipitated the anti-trust suits."

The "watchdogs" consist of twenty accountants employed by the PSC and assigned permanently to Con Edison's offices to oversee the company's bookkeeping operations. Their primary responsibility is to make certain that the company earns no more than a "fair and reasonable" rate of return, set at 6.3 per cent in 1964 by the PSC, a rate influenced by usury laws. But under an ingenious clause in the state Public Service Law, the utility under surveillance must reimburse the state for the accounting costs. In effect, then, Con Edison has been paying the salaries of the men who are assigned to keep an objective, even jaundiced, eye on the company's books. And after years of working side by side with Con Edison employees, Hirsch said in an interview, the intended "watchdog" relationship has developed to one that he characterizes as "meretricious."

The forerunner of the country's highest paid state Public Service Commission was created in 1907 by the legislature at the instigation of Gov. Charles Evans Hughes, who wanted to correct railroad abuses. Since then, the powers of the commission have been expanded gradually so that today the agency regulates more than 3,000 corporations, municipalities and individuals dealing with utilities or commercial transportation. But despite this awesome measure of responsibility, the commission has been customarily the "dumping ground for cast-off politicians," as Representative Ryan puts it. Under Governor Rockefeller, for example, the commission's four surviving members—two have died recently—have been active in Republican politics. The chairman, James A. Lundy, was a borough president of Queens who ran unsuccessfully on Governor Rockefeller's 1958 ticket for state controller. Three months later, the Governor appointed Lundy as the $32,265-a-year chairman of the commission. The other three members, each of whom receives $29,160 annually, are a former Brooklyn assemblyman who was chairman of the assembly's public service committee from 1944 until 1960; a protégé of a former Republican state chairman, and a former assemblyman and state senator from Long Island who once headed a legislative committee investigating charitable and philanthropic organizations for possible Communist affiliations.

In a well-meaning but futile gesture, Senator Bookson introduced legislation in early January of this year that would replace the PSC with a ten-member Consumer Board of Inquiry. Recognizing that no state agency can ever be divorced entirely from politics, Senator Bookson did the next best thing. He proposes that three members be appointed by the Governor, three by the speaker of the assembly, two by the majority leader of the senate, and two by the Mayor of the city of New York. There is little chance that these elected officials would belong to the same political party at the same time. And there is little chance that the bill will ever get out of the committee into which it was shunted by the senate leadership.

There are no easy solutions, as Sen. Lee Metcalf, Democrat of Montana, rightly concludes in his book, *Overcharge*. Greater federal involvement, municipal competition with monopolistic utilities, closer municipal scrutiny, and independent state-level consumer agencies are some of the laudable approaches. But ultimately no effective control over Con Edison, or over any privately owned utility in the country, can be achieved until regulatory agencies, empowered to protect the consumer, begin to fulfill the public's great expectations.

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'More Dithyrambic Than Athletic'

LOVE'S BODY. *By Norman O. Brown. Random House. 276 pp. $5.95.*

KENNETH BURKE
Mr. Burke's most recently published book is Language as Symbolic Action *(University of California Press).*

According to Norman O. Brown, the suggestive nature of aphoristic, fragmentary expression makes for continual resurrection, in allowing us to be reborn with each fragment, whereas systematic thought condemns us to death. However, I assume that a reviewer should be as systematic as possible, even if it kills him; for any attempt to sum up a book's contents will necessarily require him to ask how one fragment fits with another. And there's always the paradoxical possibility that even the errors of an unsystematic book can be shown to have a systematic origin, from which they are forever born anew, thereby at least proving to that extent the author's claim for an intimate tie-up between resurrection and the fragmentary.

For instance, when we are told that "there is no literal truth," we are in the presence of a statement that on its face is in dire trouble. There would be no point in making the statement unless it is to be taken literally, as univocally "true." Yet it could be true only by being false.

Similarly, we are told that "the conflict between science and religion in the modern world stems . . . from modern literalism: Protestant literalism and Catholic scholasticism; both exterminators of symbolism." And whether or not we agree, what is the author's purpose in making the statement unless he *literally means* what he says? Here certainly is a kind of tangle from which many others could spring.

The book's title is accurate, so we might well proceed from there. As regards the term "body," I'd propose one premonitory observation. The more one speculates upon the paradoxes of the term "substance," the more difficult becomes the task of isolating the "individual." We all merge into our environment, the circumference or scope of which can be extended to the farthest limits of "nature" (and beyond, to the "supernatural," if you are theologically minded). Even when considered close up, the identity of the "self" or "person" becomes part of a collective texture involving language, property, family, reputation, social roles, and so on—elements not reducible to the individual. The same is true of our physical nature, but with one notable exception. Physiologically, the centrality of the nervous system is such that, although I as a *person* may sympathetically identify myself with other people's pleasures and pains, in my nature as a sheer *body* the pleasures of *my* food and the pains of *my* toothache are experienced immediately by me alone. Thus, although even as a body I merge into my environment, there is this physiological condition (in the realm of sheer "matter" or motion) that serves as a rudimentary "principle of individuation," the grounds for a purely empirical distinction whereby, however social our nature in other respects, we are born and die one by one, with certain pleasures and pains experienced *immediately*, bodily, or if you will, "carnally," and not identically experienceable by others.

So far, I have made two quite different moves. First, working from within the book itself, I singled out a basic statement of terministic policy that manifestly undoes itself. Next, when turning to the key word, "body," I introduced a preparatory consideration of my own. Brown says nothing about the "centrality of the nervous system." In fact, the main emphasis throughout his book is upon the respects in which the individual is rather like a drop in the ocean, though somehow divided from its fellows by a kind of primal "fall" from the ultimate oceanic oneness.

But when he says: "Love and death are altogether carnal, hence their great magic and their great terror," I would suggest that before we ever get to the "magic" and the "terror," we should try to be as explicit as we can about that word "carnal." I have explicitly proposed the need for this notion of an individual human body's susceptibility to certain sensations not thus immediately experienced by other human bodies (in the sense that, though other bodies may have physical pleasures and pains *like* mine, they don't have *mine*). And I have suggested that, although Brown does not mention such a concept, he greatly needs it; and a concept of that sort is at least *implicit* in his statement about the immediately carnal nature of love and death. (True, I would want to haggle considerably about his reduction of love to nothing but carnal terms, since the norms of love and friendship are strongly modified by social factors. But in any case, there must be an ultimate bodily reference of some sort, even if it take the form of strictly ascetic dissociation.)

Even if neither the author nor the reader would consent to my proposal as regards a sheerly "material" or *bodily* principle of individuation, surely all can agree on this minimum basis: once a writer chooses to build a nomenclature that features the word "body," there are certain resources readily available to that term. Thus, whatever might be your definition of a "carnal" *human* body, it must differ considerably from the meanings implicit or explicit in references to the state as a *political* body, or to the Church as an *ecclesiastical* body. Surely, no political or ecclesiastical body can experience the carnality of sex or food as the particular members of such collective bodies can.

Further possibilities are available. There can be words for another kind of body, individually resurrected after death, though somehow not divisively. Such *terms* are possible, whether or not there can actually be such a state. This requires further bookkeeping operations, as per the statement that "incarnation is not to be understood carnally."

A related but different set of transformations is possible. Bodies don't only sex, they also eat. In fact, without a lot of preparatory eating, there'd be no sexing. Hence, along with his pansexualism, Brown includes many terms connected with food. And well he might, if one can believe reports to the effect that when war prisoners are deprived of both food and sex, their dreams are not of beds but of banquets. In any case, food as well as sex provides a basic bodily terminology of appetition, plus corresponding connotations of substance, and hence of *con*substantiality, in keeping with the "carnal" notion that we

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can all become alike by partaking of the same substance (individuals thus being made one by participation in a common body, as per the popular aphorism, "tell me what you eat and I'll tell you what you are"). This line of development allows for notions of transubstantiated body, when bread and wine are *ritually* transformed into the blood and body of a Divine Word shared by all believers. And although, as I tried to show in my *Rhetoric of Religion*, a sacrificial principle is intrinsic to the nature of the social order as such, you might (like Brown) center attention upon the purely "carnal" aspects of eating whereby one thing lives by the "sacrifice" of another.

I have suggested that you might begin with some overall term such as "appetition," under which you might include terms for food and terms for sex as subdivisions. "Desire" would be a handy synonym if we recall Spinoza's formula, "It is of the essence of man to desire," along with the etymological admonition (too often overlooked by current myth men) that desire in general is the basic meaning of the Greek word eros. Proceeding thus, you will have no difficulty in seeing how Brown's book might have chapters on both food and sex. But if you begin with the particulars of such imagery and the corresponding problems of terministic accountancy (as the book encourages you to do), you are almost sure to get lost; and you will doubtless be left vaguely wondering how you got from body to sex to person to food to sacrifice to resurrection and on finally to the culminative celebration of "Nothing."

As for the other word, the possessive, in the title: I submit that Plato's *Phaedrus* can serve us best, to indicate what kind of potentialities (corresponding to those implicit in Brown's word, "body") are implicit in the word "love." I have in mind the "literal" fact that the *Phaedrus* begins on a quite low concept of sexual dalliance, then graduates through a solemnly ecstatic view of "noble" love, to such kinds of courtship as come to fulfillment in the Socratic erotic (the whole constituting a dialectic ladder that leads from sexual seed to doctrinal insemination). In brief, the idea of communion embraces a range of meanings as wide as the differences between sheerly lustful coupling, unity in love, and such modes of persuasion, or communication or correspondence in principle, as flower in ardent rhetorical appeal to love of wisdom. (Brown's book features the sex side of such a continuum. Working at the other end of the spectrum, Marshall McLuhan's *Understanding Media* features some considerations to do with the sheer technology of communication.)

Brown tells us that "symbolism is mind making connections (correspondences) rather than distinctions (separations)." Here we confront the same kind of self-canceling statement with which we began. For if Brown's statement makes any sense at all, it is making a distinction. He might answer that he never intended this particular kind of sentence to be thought of as "symbolism." I would call it "symbolism" in the sense that it uses a symbol system, and thus is a kind of "symbolic action." I thought of solving the problem by reference to these remarks by Socrates, also in the *Phaedrus*:

> I am a great lover of these processes of division and generalization; they help me to speak and think. If I find any man who is able to see unity and plurality in nature, I follow him, walking in his steps as if he were a god. And those who have this art, I usually call dialecticians.

But this possible distinction between "symbolism" and "dialectics" won't help us. For Brown also says: "Every sentence is dialectics, an act of love"; and "all intercourse is sexual intercourse"; and sex itself is "symbolic." Brown further tries to equate "union or unification" with eros, and "separation, or division" with "the death instinct," though bodies grow and reproduce by the division of cells, and metabolism involves both anabolic and catabolic processes.

Brown seems to leave no room for the sheerly technical aspects of the communication spectrum. To be sure, one may say that love (or sex) is "dialectical," in the sense that it involves both disparateness and unification. But dialectics, as the use of words for unity and words for plurality, cannot be intelligibly reduced to an utterly "carnal" concept of love. Such an equation would amount to saying that the distinction between a word like "books" and a word like "library" can be adequately discussed as an "act of love." Or, if you must call it "love," then please at least admit that it's not in exactly the same "carnal" category as sedentary eating or recumbent sexing, though we might gain a certain perspective by incongruity if we transferred a term from one such realm to the other (as were we to call some beauty queen an "inviting morsel").

If you would equate "symbolism" solely with the unity side of the unity-diversity pair, no one need haggle with you, in case your scheme somewhere explicitly allows for both. But, so far as I can make out, Brown can admit such considerations only roundabout and unintentionally, as when making a distinction in the very act of outlawing distinctions, or when saying that *all* language is a kind of "fall" (as it unquestionably is, in the sense that it necessarily makes Brown's statement of

NIGHT WATCH

And now, outside, the walls
of black flint, eyeless.
How pale in sleep you lie.
Love: my love is just a breath
blown on the pane and dissolved.
Everything, even you,
cries silently for help, the web
of the spider is ripped with rain,
the geese fly on into the black cloud.
What can I do for you?
What can I do for you?
Can the touch of a finger mend
what a finger's touch has broken?
Blue-eyed, with yellow hair,
I stand in my old nightmare
beside the track, while you,
and over again and always you
wearily plod into the death-cars.
Sometimes you send me a last smile,
and I — I smile back at you.
How sweet the smell of the station-master's roses!
How pure, how poster-like the colors of this dream!

ADRIENNE RICH

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his own unitary ideal undo itself, since even his word "unification" implies the unifying of a *diversity*).

The trick is: Where do you start, and where do you go from there? If you start with particulars, well and good. But if you try to make them do the work of generalities, the prognostications are bad. I mean: there's nothing wrong with *sex* as a "way in." But when, like Brown, you first reduce "love" to penis and vagina, and then imperialistically expand until you find "a penis in every convex object and a vagina in every concave one," you're necessarily out of bounds. For geometric forms must also be treated in their own right, fall or no fall. Even if you began with a purely psychoanalytic interpretation of the egg-and-dart motif, you'd have to grant that its use in Greek friezes "transcends" this "origin."

Too often Brown merely re-enacts the terministic devices we have been discussing, rather than helping to make us more conscious of their operation; in this respect his book becomes obfuscating, rather than the "apocalyptic" enterprise he apparently wants it to be. And now, after a reference to some surprising omissions, we shall have finished:

One might have expected that a stress upon the body would also entail a cult of bodily motion for its own sake. But the satisfactions of the kinetic in general are treated in keeping with the genius of the possessive in the book's title, thus: "All movement is phallic," a doctrine temperamentally more dithyrambic than athletic. A greater surprise lurks in the fact that despite urgent praise of poetry, there is no concern with such kinds of sensory response to nature as John Crowe Ransom deals with in his thoughts on the relation between poetry and the "world's body." The stress upon unity makes the book in effect even more severe than orthodox churchmen in frowning on the principle of divorce. And perhaps the dithyrambic element is also responsible for slighting the major role of body-thinking in connection with disease and the imagery of the ethically problematical: bodies sick or soiled.

Reforming the Universities

COMPULSORY MIS-EDUCATION and THE COMMUNITY OF SCHOLARS. *By Paul Goodman. Vintage Books. 339 pp. $1.95 paper.*

PETER CLECAK

Mr. Clecak teaches English at the University of California (Irvine), and is at work on a book on contemporary American social criticism.

Postwar studies of education, like analyses of poverty, race relations, the breakdown of the family, and the recently publicized death of God, constitute an important branch of the flourishing American social criticism industry. This sudden and unprecedented concern over the state of education is, of course, neither touching nor mysterious. Since every major income-dispensing institution in American society—the corporation, the government, the military—requires increasing numbers of skilled and semi-skilled mental workers, everyone who aspires to full membership in the Great Society must "hold a degree" (education in America is regarded essentially as a possession, not as a state of mind). Complementary economic interests, therefore, unite buyers and sellers of brain power: together they impose irresistible external pressures on the university, at once causing and guaranteeing its ultimate transformation from a detached center of humanistic learning into an efficient instrument for creating, as well as protecting, profits and jobs.

Colleges and universities have generally responded to massive external pressures by molding themselves to the contours of a "changing society." In the accelerated interaction with dominant social institutions, the university has developed a momentum which overpowers individuals who would significantly alter its central direction. Yet in the process of expanding its scope and influence, the university has become a parasitic institution, closely bound to the social whole by the connecting tissue of relative affluence. Most administrators and professors endorse the alliance by accepting heavy doses of capital from government agencies and private foundations, and by providing in exchange, large quantities of "new knowledge" and large numbers of specialists and professionals. (Research and teaching, we are tirelessly informed, are Siamese twins.)

But the transformation from university to multiversity has been neither as coherent nor as effortless as the dominant trends toward specialization and professionalization suggest. In fact,

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the transition has created a series of varied and complex problems. For example, the threat of nearly universal higher education poses the operational difficulty of financing plant and faculty without drastically lowering the quality of instruction. And there is the more fundamental question of curriculum reform: should the modern university concentrate on teaching *methodology* rather than *subject matter* as a means of keeping pace with new knowledge? Further, the growing minority of faculty and student humanists and radicals who for personal and philosophic reasons oppose the main drift of the multiversity and the larger interests it serves must be isolated, co-opted or dropped.

Quite naturally, this rather uneven metamorphosis of the university—from an essentially decorative to a crucially functional institution—has evoked volumes of criticism and proposals for educational reform from such distinguished Americans as Henry David Aiken, Daniel Bell, James Conant, Paul Goodman, Clark Kerr, Nathan Pusey and David Riesman. Doubtless every important American university administrator, academic and intellectual has added at least one article or speech to the mushrooming pile of diagnoses and remedies.

The abundant criticism, ranging from documented studies of individual institutions to sweeping condemnations of the entire university system, serves two important integrative social functions. First, it is a substitute for effective action: the sheer rhetorical density of the critiques assures an anxious audience that both the technical and spiritual problems of an expanding network of colleges and universities are being confronted and gradually resolved. Thus, criticism, like other painkillers, momentarily relieves tension and anxiety by providing the consoling illusion of action through the medium of language. Moreover, it provides a safety valve for the writer, converting potential activist energy into rhetorical energy.

Second, some part of the critics' ideas are adopted in practice. Indeed, several major universities have institutionalized innovation by establishing small experimental colleges, laboratories for testing various proposals to improve teaching and to motivate students in order to promote learning. The interesting question is whether it is possible to construct a rough calculus of the limits of university reform, to separate the sorts of proposals which might be adopted from those which lie beyond the scope of practice and to gauge their potential social effects.

Compulsory Mis-Education and *The Community of Scholars*, two short volumes by Paul Goodman, provide the basis for a highly tentative answer. Goodman is one of the very few sensitive and intelligent American social critics still able to imagine fresh modes of life beyond the parameters of monopoly capitalism. And as a radical, he constitutes a limiting case: if Goodman's proposals can be adopted, so can those of such weary and sophisticated *status quo* critics as Daniel Bell and David Riesman.

With characteristic economy, simplicity and irony, Goodman illuminates the failure of American education from the primary grades through graduate school. At every level, he argues, the schools have "become a universal trap" where "democracy begins to look like regimentation." He considers elementary schools "a baby-sitting service," the junior and senior high schools "an arm of the police," and the colleges an instrument of a middle-class "*elite that has imposed on itself a morale fit for slaves.*" Supplementing rather than offsetting the mass media, the schools teach "the mass of our citizens in all classes . . . that life is inevitably routine, depersonalized, venally graded; that it is

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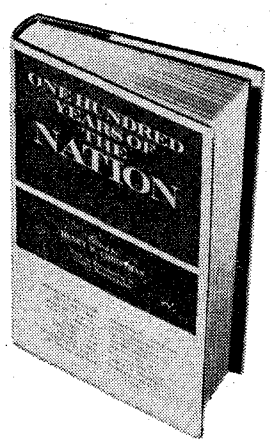

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best to toe the mark and shut up; that there is no place for spontaneity, open sexuality, free spirit." Instead of serving as a transforming agency of social change, as John Dewey somewhat innocently hoped, the schools reflect and reinforce the patterns of the larger society.

Goodman's indictment is perhaps too inclusive, but as a general assessment of American education I think it is devastatingly accurate. He identifies the common bond of indifference to the classroom regimen which unites the rebellious minority and the conforming majority of college and university students. The few who cannot (or will not) play the game of assimilating fragments of information from timid men drop out, having demonstrated their unsuitability for preferred membership in the Great Society. The majority who survive the routine conditioning "go on to the same quality of jobs, culture, politics." Any teacher with a modest degree of objectivity can corroborate Goodman's general observations. But his descriptions of campus conditions, like his proposals for reform, are occasioned by a compelling radical vision of the potentialities of education in the formation of creative, spontaneous human beings. Goodman's passionate concern is to educate the "sons of the free, to be free and exercise initiative in the world they inherit."

Men who are free do not mature in prisons. Nor does their fate ultimately depend upon a revised curriculum or a new coffee lounge: these may contribute to the process of education, but they can neither ignite nor extinguish it. The desire to learn arises in a genuine "community of scholars" composed of teachers and students, "veterans" and neophytes. Teaching and learning, the main focus of Goodman's remarks, are intensely personal acts requiring mutual respect and trust. The student must live and study with men whom he admires for their experience and moral character no less than for their knowledge. The underlying comparison between a true community and the present collection of scholars at various universities gradually conveys a sense of the enormous distance between the reality of American education and its possibilities.

But the disparity between the ideal and the real does not paralyze Goodman: it intensifies his search for specific means of improving colleges and universities. In *Compulsory Mis-Education* he suggests two modest reforms designed to improve academic communities immediately and "importantly liberate them in relation to society." Goodman

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proposes that a few first-rate liberal arts colleges—Swarthmore, Carleton, Wesleyan as examples—require students to spend two years "in some maturing activity" before becoming eligible for admission. Students could select from a wide list of possibilities, including community service, a job, the army, work in a domestic Peace Corps. This simple measure, Goodman contends, would provide students with sufficient raw experience to begin "college studies with some intrinsic motivation, and therefore perhaps assimilate something that might change" them.

The second proposal is equally uncomplicated: let several of the prestigious universities such as Harvard, Yale, Chicago, and Stanford abolish grading and employ examinations only for "pedagogic purposes as teachers see fit." The aim of this proposal is to free students and teachers from the comparative ranking system which presently inhibits the development of an intrinsic will to learn. As an instrument of domination and an index of "success," grades frequently prevent an honest, dynamic interchange between faculty and students. Teachers and students disappear behind protective masks; students quickly learn pragmatic sales techniques to "get good grades," and teachers soon learn to use grades as both carrot and stick. Success or humiliation in college is thus measured in senseless numbers: on what meaningful basis can a 96 in Romantic literature be compared with a 92 in zoology? And long after the college graduate has forgotten the content of the courses, he recalls his GPA, the barren symbol of his academic identity.

Both limited suggestions appear to be reasonable approaches to the education of free men, to the return to "teaching-and-learning as a simple relation of persons." But what are the prospects for these proposals within the existing social structure? And even if enacted, would they actually contribute to Goodman's radical ends? Although lucid and forceful when presenting his diagnoses and prescriptions, Goodman becomes somewhat ambiguous when discussing the mechanics of social change. He clearly recognizes the dependent status of education, declaring in the preface to *The Community of Scholars* that "the schools are tightly involved with the performance, and even with the style, of the dominant system of society. Any significant reforms of them would involve a threat to the dominant system." Yet he also asserts that the colleges and universities, unlike more rigidly controlled social institutions, are still flexible enough to be changed internally through social criticism. The "threat" to the *status quo* can presumably be mounted within university gates, where even nonradical contemporary critics of higher education have

> . . . proposed fairly radical reforms, and have sometimes tried them out. This is a difference between the usual social criticism and the social criticism of the colleges; and proves that the colleges are still living communities, though sadly fragmented. In no other area in our society, not in urbanism, economy, popular culture, or politics, does radical criticism lead to continual efforts at remedy.

Important changes are possible within the schools, but they will "require more revolutionary courage than most of the collegiate critics seem to exude." Goodman thus concludes that radical proposals *could* be adopted but probably *won't*, primarily because "revolutionary courage" is in such short supply among university critics, administrators and faculty: the capacity for reform outstrips the willingness of those who manage the university system.

I think Goodman is at once too pessimistic and too optimistic about his proposals. He seriously underrates the marketability of his suggestions. Several universities, for example, are now experimenting with small, ungraded programs. The freshman year at Caltech is ungraded. The University of California at Santa Cruz has abolished letter grades, and students are permitted to take one course per quarter on a pass-fail basis on all U.C. campuses. Similarly, the idea of a two-year hiatus between high school and college has gained considerable support among parents, students and faculty, though no school has yet adopted the break as a formal admission requirement. Both proposals, however, are viable within the present social and educational structure.

In fact, I suspect that almost any radical idea can be tested on a small scale, because radical experiments properly confined to university laboratories fit quite neatly into the pluralist vision of the multiversity, a crucial point which Goodman blurs. True, the dominant administrative and research interests naturally resist radical changes affecting the entire campus, but at first-rate schools these same forces also subsidize small-time innovators who, in turn, assemble, isolate and neutralize dissident clusters of students and faculty. Furthermore, the laboratories can occasionally develop new teaching techniques applicable to the university at large.

Goodman is suggesting that radical proposals, once tried, can be contagious, spreading beyond the control of university managers. The actual relationship between university criticism and practice can be understood in terms of a much less romantic criterion: if there are virtually no restrictions on tiny, isolated radical experiments, there is only one major limitation on alterations affecting the entire university—they must not interfere with research. In *Education at Berkeley*, a faculty appraisal of the malfunctioning multiversity, the authors recommend many sweeping reforms to improve the quality of undergraduate education, but "nowhere," they hastily add, "do we suggest a diminution of the research activity of the faculty." "Research activity" not only defines the essential internal shape and movement of the multiversity but also determines its heavy dependence on the dominant economic, social and political institutions. Hence, any reform adopted on a campus-wide basis immediately loses the radical character it may have had as an idea or as an experiment, and ceases to be even a potential menace to what Goodman calls the "dominant system of society." Moreover, some radical ideas would become oppressive social facts in contemporary America: Goodman's suggestion that two years of life experience be a prerequisite to pursuing college studies is disturbingly similar to Robert McNamara's recently proposed two years of military or civilian service for all youths.

The flaws in Goodman's analysis of university reform result from an illusion about the relationship between criticism and praxis. He states that university criticism is fundamentally different from "the usual social criticism" because some radical educational reforms have been "tried . . . out," whereas radical criticism of other major institutions—the economy, politics, popular culture—remains largely rhetorical. Goodman mistakenly assumes that controlled experiment is equivalent to real praxis and therefore that the broken circuit between radical theory and practice in American society could be repaired in the universities if only the bureaucratic inertia of administrators could be dispelled. On the contrary, experimentation in the colleges operates merely as an appendage of theory and thus threatens to strengthen, not weaken, the *status quo*: university criticism and the "usual social criticism" serve identical social functions. Radical means and ends seem as divorced on the campus as anywhere else in American society.

Concluding that the prospect of major reform within "the great majority of

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schools . . . is dim," Goodman finally proposes that "bands of scholars . . . secede and set up where they can teach and learn on their own simple conditions." He assembles statistics to demonstrate the practicality of secession. The figures add up, but the proposal remains hopelessly utopian. In this final chapter, Goodman's generally acute social criticism modulates, almost without warning, into pure wish projection: if a dozen independent centers could succeed, he projects, "the entire system would experience a profound and salutary jolt." Psychological and aesthetic considerations momentarily eclipse logic and truth with the result that the reader's vicarious experience of pain is attenuated in a pleasurable final scene.

Goodman's diagnosis, however, seems to warrant a harsher conclusion: that the multiversity cannot alter its central direction and enjoy a prosperous alliance with major American economic and political institutions. The education whose rich possibilities Goodman sketches is at least a social system away. Meanwhile, the contemporary producers and products of higher education are, in the main, competent specialists, men with narrow intellectual interests who compete laterally and comply vertically. Who else could operate an irrational society so efficiently?

OFF-BROADWAY / Robert Pasolli

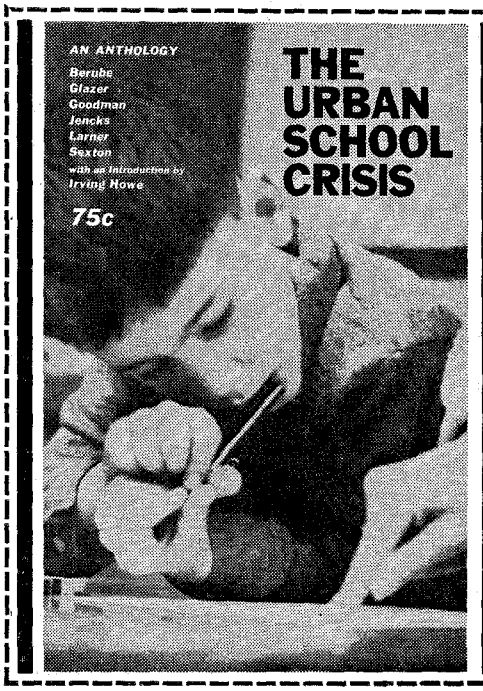
Mr. Pasolli became a free-lance writer in the theatre after working on Broadway, at Lincoln Center and, on a Ford Foundation grant, at the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre, Minneapolis.

While not fully successful as a play or as a production, Archie Shepp's *Junebug Graduates Tonight!* at the Chelsea Theatre Center so vibrantly fulfilled one of the theatre's chronically neglected functions that I want to call attention to the playwright, the play and the audacious production group.

Early in its career in 1965, CTC presented some scenes from *Junebug*, then called *The Communist*, as the second in a string of staged readings of twenty-three new plays. (Among the talents of Robert Kalfin, founder and artistic director of the group, is a discerning eye for original scripts of merit; contrary to the prevailing myth, they exist in some quantity among the mass of worthless material.) The series attracted a lot of attention—more from within the theatre profession than from the New York City neighborhood of Chelsea—by its intelligent and professional work, which demonstrated that CTC could run from a standing start. Since the end of the series last spring, CTC has redoubled its efforts to gain a toe hold as an artistic organization pertinent to the Chelsea community. It sent out lines of communication to neighborhood agencies and community action groups, such as Mobilization for Youth for which it is now "an approved job training site." Furthermore, CTC has displayed what must be described as muscle in obtaining grants from six foundations, including one from Rockefeller of a size ($15,000) usually reserved to more experienced organizations. Although one of the newer off-off-Broadway theatres, CTC has moved the fastest and most deftly toward securing a solid institutional footing.

CTC is housed at present in one of those handsome and moribund Episcopal churches which have taken a new lease on life by opening their doors to drama groups. The Church of the Holy Apostles, on Ninth Avenue at 28th Street, is both particularly handsome and particularly moribund: I used to pass it when I lived in Chelsea and always its locked gates would prevent me from seeing whether the magnificent Lafever exterior was matched on the inside. (Thanks to CTC, I have discovered that it is.) One of Manhattan's largest, and predominantly Jewish, housing projects, the ILGWU, isolates Holy Apostles on three sides, while across the street a branch of the Department of Health, beyond which lies another, largely Puerto Rican, project, effectively closes it off on the fourth side. By the time the neighborhood connects with potential parishioners—some blocks south of 23rd Street, where Chelsea goes posh—St. Peter's Episcopal on 20th Street has picked them off.

St. Peter's, itself flagging with the times, was a likely home for CTC when Kalfin began work there in 1965. But the bishop soon countermanded the welcome that the church's pastor, Father Jenks, had extended to the group. Officially, the quarrel was over the propriety of a theatre group's preempting church facilities, in this case the spacious and well-equipped parish hall used at odd times for bazaars and basketball, but people found it hard to dissociate the gutter language of Shepp's play from the bishop's intervention. (A further complication was that Sidney Lanier, the minister who had founded the American Place Theatre at St. Clement's Episcopal a few years before, had recently defrocked himself and married a divorcée—an event that seemed less disruptive of APT at St. Clement's than of CTC at St. Peter's.) Kalfin scoured Chelsea for an alternate location and failed to find one; then, in a nice display of agility, he got his adversary to give him Holy Apostles, which, as a mission church, was said to be exempt from policy strictures against



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pre-emptive theatre groups. Also, it was noticeably closer than St. Peter's to departing this life. Holy Apostles lacks a suitable parish hall, so it was in the sanctuary itself that Archie Shepp's dirty words were to be heard in the full production of his play at the end of February.

Mr. Shepp is a Negro jazz saxophonist, who has been associated with John Coltrane and Bill Dixon, both in recording and personal appearances. Not the least of the merits of *Junebug*, called "a jazz allegory," is its series of songs, at once cool and tuneful.

Perhaps out of the habitudes of jazz composition, Shepp as a dramatist tends to write in bursts. Bright ideas are colorfully unfurled, then folded away. Frequent interpolations, while often interesting in themselves, break up and attenuate the play's line of thought and action. Although Kalfin did a capable and occasionally inspired job of direction, and while he presented a generally strong cast, he was unable to make Shepp's undisciplined statements cohere dramatically. A major loss was any definition of the play's attitude, which swung back and forth from anger to mockery to maliciousness to hokum.

But I think this separateness of disparate elements, which gave the impression of sallies, was responsible in large part for the assaultive and provocative thrust of the play. Junebug is a young Negro, about to graduate from high school as valedictorian of his class, who is profoundly troubled to decide what he should say in his address. The terms of his confusion devolve from his mother, who welcomes his advancement as a gift from the white world (tokenism); from his father, who angrily rejects all accommodation (black supremacy); and from his sister, who cynically cooperates with whites for her own ends (opportunism). Junebug gropes toward his own position in a few long scenes with his girl friend, a white Southern girlie named America, and with his new pal, a dissolute old man named Uncle Sam. The boy's attitude toward them alternates between acceptance and rejection until the final scene, the graduation exercises, where Junebug chooses positive feelings over negative ideas and embraces America. For this Uncle Sam, presiding as the school principal, mercilessly shoots him down, and down comes America with him. In an epilogue, which I understand was created by the company during rehearsal, Junebug and Sam exhort each other "to call to [America] in a loud voice."

For all their vehement response to the play's indictment of white America, the Negroes in the audience at CTC did not seem to regard the ending as a cop-out—a factor which indicates that Shepp's distinction between felt and thought impulses is based in reality. As for the white sector of the audience, the play's conciliatory ending seemed a welcome emollient.

Junebug is an activist play that a liberal management infiltrated into a complacent milieu. Some elements of the play, like direct address and street language, and elements of the production, like flashy use of color and boisterous staging, jabbed and poked at the whites, while they energized and enspirited the Negroes. *Junebug* is really an inflammatory play, voicing to felt effect the point of view of a shunted and disprized minority. Just how felt was indicated by the *New York Times*' dismissal of the play as one-sided and noncontributive to dialogue, an attribute which one might take for granted on encounter but which the *Times* seems to have raised in self-defense. I sympathize with the paper's white reviewer; had I lacked the leisure of weekly journalism I am not at all certain I could have overcome my own impulse to block the play's provocation. *Junebug* put one on the spot; that was its value. It did so with verve, color and spirit; that was its worth.

Fortune and Men's Eyes, at the Actors Playhouse, is too good a show for its own good. Its subject is the quick corruption of the innocent in the homosexual currents of prison life. The hero, a new prisoner, is a-good-boy-up-on-a-bum-rap and straight as an arrow when the action begins. When it ends three months later, he has passed in succession through several of the permutations of sexual exercise as practiced in that particular prison: he has let himself be appropriated by an "old man"; he has formed an alliance with one of the "queens"; he has even attempted to impose himself as an "old man" on another inmate. This last might be an impulse of real love, the twisted expression of which has been conditioned by the circumstances—quite a different thing from the cold-hearted sexuality of the scene, which expresses cynicism rather than affection.

That possibility is underscored by the title reference to Shakespeare's Sonnet XXIX ("When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,"), which is about redemptive love. However, the play does not develop the possibility, nor does the production emphasize it. The sexual hurly-burly of prison events cancels out any implication of an affirmative awakening in the hero, and the play ends in a climax of its thesis: as his friend is carried off to be beaten, the hero collapses in a fit of weeping *cum* laughter that bespeaks the dehumanization that prison life has practiced on him.

In its audacious display of one of the less publicly acknowledged aspects of our social setup, *Fortune and Men's Eyes* serves as a kind of social document. (Written from personal experience by a Canadian named John Herbert, the play posits a degree of homosexual concentration that might be artistic rather than documentary.) And as drama it is respectable in its solid construction and vivid characterization; Herbert knows how to write a play, as they say. But both drama and social documentation are

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submerged in the current New York production by the impulse of showmanship.

Sassy and rambunctious, the production by Mitchell Nestor swings back and forth from its vibrantly physicalized tensions to its high-spirited comedy. Nestor's direction is tight and powerful —more a matter of sinew than of muscle —and he underlines values in the play with inspired stage business, such as the switching of mattresses from bed to bed according to which of the cell's occupants enjoys the upper hand sexually. Terry Kiser, Bill Moor, Robert Christian and Victor Arnold as the inmates create strongly contrasted and infectious characters. So far, so good.

One of the actors, however, is encouraged to go too far. Bill Moor, who plays Queenie, the strutting, primping girl of the cell, takes a strong lead at the opening of the play with a full ten minutes of bitchy raillery during which I began to wonder when *Fortune* would get down to business. The lead is never quite relinquished, and Queenie's stage business frequently interrupts the concentration of the play. The trouble isn't that Queenie is not entertaining; it's that he *is*. Moor's performance is intelligent, skillful and blissfully non-sniggering, but it goes far beyond what is necessary to create and maintain a characterization, beyond even what is needed to establish that Queenie is the apotheosis of the milieu. Queenie in this production amounts to a spirited *divertissement*, establishing false premises for the play, so that when *Fortune* becomes serious it doesn't take; its point goes past almost unnoticed. It is pandemonium, you realize finally, that has grabbed your attention, not meaningful action. As Tennessee Williams said to everyone in general on his way up the aisle for intermission, "It ain't Genet." No, it ain't; it's a great show—and less of a play for it.

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Bergman's *Persona* offers the bifocal pleasures and surprises of multilevel dramatic communication. It can be read, somewhat mystically, as a tale of the transposition of souls; or, more prosaically, it can be understood as demonstrating that muteness is a form of aggression, that a person capable of implacable silence can fracture and distort the personality of another who offers contact through speech. On other terms, the picture is at once relentlessly clinical and a figment of pure cinema—which latter reading Bergman encourages by introducing the work literally from within the projector, by equating dream with reality, past with present, by interrupting his narrative with clips of other movies from other times, and by allowing his venture to run down at the close like some clockwork coming to the end of its spring.

All this is accomplished with the casual necromancy that has made Bergman a Prospero of the camera, and one leaves the theatre almost physically done in by the film's demands on one's wits. At the same time, there is a letdown in retrospect. For one thing, although its cinematic nature is so deliberately emphasized, the work advances in a series of almost static tableaux, and fails to develop the flexibility and flow that almost invariably form the structure of rewarding movies. Since one of the two main characters refuses to speak and the other speaks compulsively, the picture becomes focused on words, and an audience dependent on subtitles finds itself reading almost as much as it is watching or listening.

Further, Bergman here carries the main burden of his tale in close-ups, using them to such excess that the technique takes on moral overtones. To close in so persistently on people is itself a form of aggression, and the device achieves a semblance of emotional intensity by means as inherently suspect as the use of blood-stirring music to support dramatic peaks. At a distance of two inches, eyes invariably start and lips invariably become sensual cushions of flesh. The context may justify such melodrama, but the effect is so mechanically achieved that the burden of congruity is on the director. And as with most mechanical stimulants, the close-up rather quickly creates a dependence, so that unless you use it with great discipline—only in moments, as it were, of the most severe need—it becomes a habit replacing more valid ranges of communication. It looked to me as though Bergman had become addicted in *Persona*.

The film pivots on two long speeches. A prominent actress, who one night has faltered in her lines, lapses during the next day or so into a state of silent passivity which her doctor cannot penetrate. In some desperation the physician packs her off with a sensitive nurse to a lonely spot on the shore, hoping that the peace and the enforced intimacy will break the spell. There thrown on her own resources, the young nurse (Bibi Andersson) chatters through the idle, healthy days on a slowly rising note of anxiety and with disturbing suggestions of physical attraction. One night, after wine, she regales her patient (Liv Ullmann) with a detailed account of an afternoon of sexual abandon she and another woman had once enjoyed with two young boys encountered on a secret beach. This long speech, offered perhaps as a seduction, is followed by Lesbian embraces which may very well be dreams, but which in any case signal that the nurse-patient relationship is shifting, with dominance passing to the older woman. The nurse's vulnerability accelerates when she acci-

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dentally discovers that her impassive charge is in fact observing her with indulgent amusement. She deteriorates rapidly through bouts of hysteria and physical passion to the level of her second pivotal speech.

On this occasion, the nurse subjects the woman to a diatribe of accusation, attributing her condition to guilt of shocking proportions, and pouring out a flood of detail she could not command except by identification with her patient's psyche. Bergman runs this scene twice, the second time focusing on Miss Andersson's face, which undergoes kaleidoscopic malformations as she rants. From moment to moment she takes on a vagrant resemblance to her listener, an effect a little too pat to be compelling, particularly when it has been foreshadowed by a reference to the fact that they look alike. This second turning point also collapses into a scene of ambiguous violence. The next morning the patient packs up and leaves (still speechless) and the nurse, having put the house away, presently follows. The film runs out.

Life deals this way in inconclusions, and I don't object to Bergman's pretense that the camera sees what it sees and keeps its counsel. I am prepared to spin my own hypotheses as long as I feel I can trust the premises. In this case, though, I'm not certain I do trust them. Bergman takes liberties with these women that are permissible only to a lover or a doctor, but it isn't clear that he is sufficiently committed to them to play either role. He seems to be up to some game.

This comes back to method. One is forced to spend much more time in examining these women than in getting to understand them. They are treated as objects not subjects—an attitude which, whether intentionally or not, is relevant to contemporary corruption. And in all probability a film so disproportionately verbal loses much in export. The emphases of speech and subtle discriminations of words are lost when you lack the language; subtitles convey data, but very little of the color of dialogue. In fact, the device is possible only because the cinema is primarily a visual art. To a considerable degree, I think, *Persona* fights its medium.

The bright, particular triumph that Joseph Strick has achieved in his screen version of Joyce's *Ulysses* is the casting. I have no doubt that it was the most difficult part of the venture. Where does one lay hands on Stephen Dedalus, on Bloom, on Blazes Boylan, on the whole boiling company of that day in Dublin? I have not learned how in fact Strick did his recruiting, but the cast is at a level that makes you want to break out in cheers.

It is not that they are exactly what one expects, though in this respect the presence and comportment of Maurice Roeves as Stephen and Barbara Jefford as Molly Bloom seem to me extraordinary. Milo O'Shea's Bloom is perhaps a little more mercurial than one would have expected; Buck Mulligan (T. P. McKenna) a little less significant; Blazes Boylan (Joe Lynch) falling just short of his prototype's animal swagger. But the adjustments are of the kind one is forever making on meeting somebody of whom one has heard a lot; I would confidently call any of the film's people by the names Joyce gave them.

Of course none of the actors can reveal in their brief time on the screen the depth of character that Joyce provided. The film does not pretend to supplant *Ulysses*; it takes bold, responsible and joyous advantage of the fact that the book exists. You may read into the picture a great deal from your own memory; the important thing is that there is almost nothing that you must read out.

Dublin is the great character in the novel and that was a problem. It would probably not have been possible, even if it had been wise, to build contemporary sets, and Dublin has changed since Joyce was a student. But perhaps its temper has changed less than that of any other major city; at any rate, the film was shot—most beautifully—in today's streets, and there is no jar.

With these problems out of the way, the picture required only understanding and taste—easy prerequisites when you have them, and Mr. Strick has. He covers the whole book, from Bloom's scorched kidney to Molly's final "Yes." Inevitably, he leaves out more than he includes, but the narrative—which is what concerns a film—is only a fragment of the book, and Strick includes a surprising lot of it. I regretted the omissions I noticed, but less because they were essential to the form of the picture than because the included passages were so successful that I was jealous to see how Strick would have handled the others.

As you might expect, the first half of the book provides the best segments of the script. Early morning in the Martello Tower, Stephen's soliloquy on the front (fending off that snapping dog), Bloom in the pub, the drive to the cemetery, the newspaper office and the ribald young doctors, Stephen instructing young Sargent, Bloom's vertigo of lust turning to compassion for the lame girl, the tip on Throwaway, Stephen rejecting his sister, the bookstalls—on and on, and through it all the sustained pattern of Stephen and Bloom and Boylan intersecting one another's paths through the streets of Dublin.

The fantasy of the nightmare section seemed to me less successful. Bloom's penny-arcade dreams of shame and glory are staged responsibly enough, but the very process of staging them, with its requirements of quick props and shallow disguises, imposes an atmosphere of fun and games on a rainy afternoon that drains the magic. However, it is in this section that Bloom fully converts his love for his dead son into protecting the drunk and vulnerable Stephen, and the two actors play the relationship with sure recognition and rewarding restraint.

And in the end the film comes back to its full power with the Blooms in bed, head to foot, and Molly half dreaming the memories that kept the book out of our hands for so many years. Miss Jefford speaks the monologue with a frank yearning that lilts almost into song, and the scenes that come and go at her bidding evoke a transient joy that catches your throat. For a wonder, the screen finally portrays sex in terms of what adults know instead of what adolescents imagine. The result is extremely erotic and utterly clean.

I don't know why the distributors have limited the present run of *Ulysses*. They have a public obligation to put it on general view.

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